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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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STEPHEN JOHNSON FIELD,

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.—[SEE PAGE 408.]

Born November 4, 1816. Died April 9, 1899.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT—SIGNING THE PEACE TREATY—WITH THIS NUMBER

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 22, 1899

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The Philippine Problem

THE war between the United States and Spain has been ended formally by the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty of peace, as it was ended practically by the cessation of fighting many months ago. But we are still engaged in a war, and not a week passes without its news of more or less serious encounters between our troops and those of an enemy.

When the United States interfered in Cuba last spring, it was to rescue the people of that island from tyranny and help them to establish their independence. We did not seek to annex Cuba, or to establish our supremacy in the island. The country agreed with President McKINLEY when he said, on the subject of intervention, in his message to Congress, that "forcible annexation cannot be thought of," since "that, by our code of morality, would be criminal aggression."

To-day we are fighting to enforce the supremacy of the United States throughout an archipelago inhabited by former subjects of Spain, who, like the Cubans, were struggling for independence a year ago, and those who resist are notified that they can accomplish nothing except their own ruin. There are plenty of them ready to run the risk of such ruin, and the result is a constant succession of battles. In these battles the Filipinos lose much more heavily than the Americans, though the list of killed and wounded on our side is already long enough to carry terrible suffering into hundreds of homes, which men left last spring in order to fight Spain and give the subjects of Spain independence. The people read constantly of victories for our forces, but they do not rejoice over the victories.

The truth is that the nation has become involved in the most serious foreign complication ever known in our history. Last spring some vessels of our navy sailed into Manila Bay to destroy the Spanish fleet lying there. This spring tens of thousands of United States soldiers are engaged in warfare with the very natives who rejoiced at DEWEY'S victory over their oppressors. It is the most remarkable transformation scene presented on the world's stage in recent times.

The responsibility for the existing situation is hard to fix. Clear-sighted observers at Manila ascribe the outbreak of the natives against our forces to the prolonged delay in the adoption of a definite policy by the administration. Month after month passed without any announcement as to what our authorities proposed to do. The unhappy experience of the Filipinos with the Spanish had naturally made them suspicious as to the intentions of any foreign nation towards them. They had long been fighting for freedom from Spanish domination, and it was only human nature that they should be apprehensive as to the sort of rule which they would get from Americans.

The commission which was sent to the islands by the President has sought to make up for lost time by the most generous promises, couched in phrases which sound grandiloquent in American ears, but may be no more than the conventional forms of expression in the Orient. The pledges are all that could be asked by natives who have been fighting Spanish tyranny—with one important exception. Everything is based upon their surrender of the idea of independence. The most salient sentence in the long manifesto is the matter-of-fact announcement that "the supremacy of the United States must and will be enforced throughout every part of the archipelago, and those who resist can accomplish nothing except their own ruin."

Time is necessary to show what effect will be produced by the proclamation. The natives have found by unhappy experience that proclamation pledges by the Spaniards were made only to be broken. It was inevitable that many of them should question whether such pledges would be any more binding when made by Americans. Beyond all this is the evident resolution of a large element to fight to the death for independence, promises or no promises. But President SCHURMAN reports that there is already evidence that the proclamation has done good, and that the commissioners are receiving many natives who profess their allegiance to the United States, and say that they prefer the promises made by the representatives of our government to the tyranny of AGUINALDO.

The people of the United States are studying seriously the ugly problem which confronts the nation. They recognize the courage of our soldiers, but they want that there should be no further occasion for its display. They are shocked at the idea of killing by the wholesale people who are fighting for their independence, even though those people be ignorant and treacherous. The great change in popular feeling on the subject of imperialism, to which we referred a fortnight ago, gains in force every day. Public meetings are coming to be held, which demand, in the language of resolutions adopted at Boston, "that our government shall take immediate steps toward a suspension of hostilities in the Philippines," and toward the recognition of the independence of the people in due course of time; and members of Christian churches are appointing committees to consider the expediency of remonstrating against "the conquest or forcible annexation of other countries," to quote the sentiment expressed by Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. The feeling of the country evidently is that something better is possible than a long war with the Filipinos, such as seems likely if things be allowed to drift, and that an honorable solution of the hard problem can and must be reached at an early day.

THERE is no more hopeful sign for the educational future of the country than the liberality with which the great States of the West support their universities. In the East public education seldom goes farther than the high-school, but beyond the Alleghanies there has been a general adoption of the principle that the commonwealth ought to support in large measure an institution which will give all the advantages of a college at moderate cost. It was inevitable that political considerations should sometimes operate to the disadvantage of such institutions when they must be more or less dependent upon the action of legislatures, and that serious injustice should occasionally be committed, as when the Populist law-makers of Kansas two years ago reduced appropriations so greatly that the salaries of professors had to be severely cut. But in the long run and in the majority of cases there has been on the part of the people a readiness to tax themselves for the higher education which is most encouraging. The discussion now going on in Iowa as to a vacancy in the presidency of its university illustrates a breadth of view which is really remarkable. While many newspapers urge, with much force, that it would be better, other things being equal, to have in the position a man who is thoroughly familiar by long residence with Iowa conditions, there is also recognition of the truth that the best man ought to be secured, even if he be an outsider. Equally liberal is the spirit manifested as to the compensation which should be given. The salary of the President has been $5000 a year, which is certainly generous, compared with the pay of most heads of colleges in the East, but it has been urged that a larger sum should be offered if that were the only way to obtain the best talent.

THE Samoan complications, after a brief period of considerable tension, seem now likely to be settled amicably. The United States, England, and Germany have appointed commissioners, who will soon sail from San Francisco, and whose early agreement upon the unanimous decision which is required is confidently expected. A melancholy incident of the struggle at Apia has been the ambushing of a party of American and British sailors by native warriors on the plantation of a German, who is charged with having incited the Samoans to fight. Americans have reason for pride in the conduct of Admiral KAUTZ, the commander of our naval vessel at Apia, who has shown marked discretion in a difficult situation. The German government has manifested its desire to promote harmony by appointing as its commissioner Baron VON STERNBERG, who, as German minister at Washington, has co-operated heartily in the efforts to secure a peaceable settlement. The reception of the news from Samoa in this country has been an interesting study. While an occasional voice was heard in favor of war with Germany, if war should be necessary to rebuke her, most public men, as well as private citizens, agreed with the view of Senator THURSTON of Nebraska, that it was "absurd that the three most enlightened nations of the world should think of going to war over some insignificant islands." It is hard, at this distance from the scene of the troubles, to get a clear idea of all the issues involved, and the only rational way of righting whatever wrongs have been committed is to let cool-headed men, representing the three powers interested, investigate on the spot, and decide what ought to be done.

MR. BELLAMY STORER, now United States Minister to Belgium, has been honored with an appointment which implies the administration's confidence in his tact. The selection of a minister to Spain coincides with the President's proclamation of Spanish-American peace under wholly new conditions. It is not too much to say that the problem of our future relations with branches of the great race occupying half of the Western hemisphere is one of the most important which can engage our attention. The man representing this government at Madrid will occupy a position of delicacy at first; of highest distinction if he realizes his opportunity at the opening of a new era.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY has made admirable appointments to the Czar's peace conference, which is to assemble at The Hague next month. That the United States minister to the Netherlands should be a delegate was virtually decided when the capital of Holland was chosen for the meeting-place, and Mr. NEWELL is a creditable representative of our government. Mr. ANDREW D. WHITE, whose name heads the list, has had precisely the training required to render his ability and learning of the greatest value in such a gathering, his experience in the diplomatic service having covered a residence as attaché to the American legation in St. Petersburg when he was a young man, and a return as minister at the age of sixty, while he is now ambassador to Germany again, as he was twenty years ago. President LOW of Columbia stands now at the head of one great university in New York State, as Mr. WHITE long did at another, and the two are excellent types of the American educator who keeps in close touch with public affairs. Captain MAHAN is the one man in the navy who seems peculiarly qualified, by his studies and by his position, to represent that branch of the service with distinction, and Captain CROZIER of the army is an ordnance officer of excellent repute. As to the conference itself, its possible achievements have been grossly exaggerated on the one hand, and absurdly ridiculed on the other. The meeting of these delegates is not going to usher in the millennium; but the fact that representative men from the chief nations of the world assemble in the interest of peace is in itself an event of the first importance. It is cause for congratulation that the United States will have fit spokesmen in this notable body.

THE investigation of the beef scandal before the Army Court of Inquiry has established in the public mind the substantial truth of the charges which were brought. It has been conclusively demonstrated that bad beef was served to our soldiers in great quantities. It has been as fully proved that there was the grossest lack of supervision on the part of those officials of the War Department whose business it was to see that only good meat was provided. Radical reform in the War Department is absolutely essential. Methods and men alike must be changed before public confidence can be re-established. Legislation, as well as executive action, will be necessary to work the revolution that is demanded. Fortunately, political considerations in this case sustain the demand for reform. The War Department is the weak spot in the McKINLEY administration. Algerism and Eaganism have become crying scandals. The case of EAGAN has shown the hopelessness of paltering with such scandals. The ill-judged clemency of the President has reacted upon the administration and upon the party responsible for it. The continuance of ALGER at the head of the War Department is more than a reproach; it is a serious handicap upon the party, which its shrewder leaders see that it cannot afford to carry in the race for the fall elections.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has been to Chicago. He had a great time there and made many speeches. Chicago was glad to see him, and his visit is described as "a continuous ovation." It lasted a day and a half, and there were cheering and hand-shaking all the time, except at meals, and while the Governor was making or listening to speeches. His own chief speech was made at the Appomattox anniversary dinner, given at the Auditorium Theatre on the evening of April 9. One thousand men sat down to dinner, and 2500 persons watched and listened. The Governor discoursed of "A Strenuous Life." He said it was basely untrue to say, "Happy is the nation which has no scraps." "No history," he expressed it, but scraps is what he meant. He gave our parents due credit for fighting the civil war, which, he said, they might have shirked if they had lacked grit. He said that any Americans who shrank from seeing the nation undertake its new duties in Hawaii, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines were either timid or lazy, or distrusted their country, or were over-civilized and had lost the great fighting masterful virtues, or were ignorant and had dull minds. They believed, he said, in that cloistered life which saps hardy virtues in a nation, as in an individual, or else they are wedded to that base spirit of gain and greed which has no thought beyond commercialism. As for governing the Philippines, he had scant patience with those who feared to undertake it, but still less with those "who make a pretence of humanitarianism to hide and cover their timidity, and cant about 'liberty' and 'the consent of the governed' in order to excuse themselves for their unwillingness to play the part of men."

The Governor made a good speech, with fine emphases to it, but it is conceivable that his patience with the shrinkers is somewhat inadequate. Not all of them are timid, except about doing the wrong thing. Some of them are fairly bold; for really it takes something nearly akin to heroism to persist in being a shrinker when heroes are in such demand and so well applauded. There is not much current hanging back about Cuba. As to the Philippines, though it certainly appears at present that there is nothing for it but to go ahead and fight out the fighting end of that job, and then tackle the rest of it, is it strange that honest men have had all sorts of feelings and opinions about those islands? Was there ever before such an acrobatic group of lightning-change real estate as those Philippines have proved to be? It is less than a year since the majority of us learned that there were such islands on the map. Since then, and while we have tried to keep our eye on them, they have appeared as Spanish colonies blighted by tyranny; as our allies in fighting Spain; as the home of lovers of freedom, not on any account to be given back to Spain; as rich islands which we needed in our business; as islands we had bought at a low price, which Spain had to take; as islands we could swap; as islands we could not swap; finally, as rebellious islands full of half-devil, half-child Malays with Mauser rifles in their hands and knives convenient. Small blame to citizens who haven't recognized their duty about the Philippines. If the islands would stop turning handsprings long enough for us to identify them as something we could understand, we would all do better. They do at last seem to be settling down to reality. At present the Philippines appeal to us as a gold brick, and that phase seems likely to last. We are not much used to dealing with gold bricks, but no doubt we can adjust ourselves to the demands of that traffic, and make our arrangements and do our duties accordingly. It isn't the fact that the Philippines were suspected to be a gold brick that has kept the minds of many of us uneasy. It was that it has been impossible to find out what they were, or what was the particular form of duty that we owed them.

Governor Roosevelt addressed the young men of the University of Chicago, and told them that we needed cultivated men, and that our cultivated men needed character. He seems to have given profound satisfaction to Chicago, and when he left town it was to go to Ann Arbor to address the students there. He told them, among other things, that a man who looks forward to a life of mere selfishness is not respectable, and that no man is excused from doing his share in working for the general good. That is a sentiment that needs lots of rubbing in, in our colleges and out of them, and no one preaches it with better grace or more force than Governor Roosevelt.

A MONTREAL correspondent of the *Sun* notes, with something like derision, the prevalence in Canada of what he calls "a veritable *dementia bellicosa*." A certain class, he says, in the Dominion seem to want to get ready to fight everybody and anybody. Sir Charles Tupper says there never was a moment when there was greater need to put the militia in a condition to defend the country, and Major-General Hutton urges the training of every militia-man to be a good shot. It is not apparent that any one has dark designs on Canada; but is it altogether surprising that while a martial orator is warning our northern borderers not to lose the great fighting masterful virtues, the Kanucks should yearn after virtue too, and want to know whether they have modern weapons in their armories? Our Governor of New York is somewhat prone to speak of peace as though it was a tape-worm in our midst, or some insinuating form of long-distance pestilence. "Swollen slothful ease and ignoble peace," he calls it. Is it any wonder that when our emotions are such as they are, our next-door neighbor's breast should swell a little too? There may be no one immediately in sight for Canada to fight with, but the due maintenance of the great fighting virtues is just as important on that side of the border as it is on this. If belligerent enthusiasm is *dementia bellicosa* in Montreal, it is the same in Albany, and if it is a high grade of affirmative patriotism in Albany, so it is in Montreal also.

YALE proposes to celebrate its bicentennial by raising some money for university uses. In the first place, it wants a university fund of two millions, out of which it will build a Commemorative Hall. The hall will cost from $500,000 to a million, and as it is designed to have it built in time for the bicentennial exercises in October, 1901, it is desired that the fund which it is to come out of should be subscribed before Commencement this year.

Besides this two-million-dollar fund, Yale wants $3,545,000 for various specific endowments and other uses in all departments of the university. Even though she gets no more than two millions, she will build her hall and hold her celebration, but $5,545,000 is what she needs to make her really comfortable.

IN an editorial paragraph in the WEEKLY of April 1 the opinion was expressed that certain leading woman-suffragists of the country, by their arguments against the execution of Mrs. Place, had demonstrated their own incapacity for the intelligent exercise of the suffrage. Mrs. Marion Couthouy Smith writes to the WEEKLY dissenting from that opinion, and also protesting that the views of the woman-suffragists in question should not be accepted as representing the opinions of woman-suffragists in general. Mrs. Smith found nothing to censure in the action of the Governor in Mrs. Place's case, and she said so in various letters to the newspapers. She believes that her views on that subject better represent the position of thoughtful and progressive women in general than the opinions with which the WEEKLY found fault.

THERE has come to the WEEKLY from Manila a copy of *The Bounding Billow*, a periodical devoted to the interests of American men-of-war's men, and published at intervals on the U. S. F. S. *Olympia*. The *Billow* is a good paper. This issue of it (Vol. I., No. 7) covers local history in the *Olympia's* parish from last Thanksgiving to the middle of February. Its recent war news has a valuable local flavor. It advertises that it will soon issue this and all its preceding numbers as a book, which, it avers, will be a complete chronicle of the war in the Philippines, and will be sent post-paid to any address for $1 50. Its page is about the size of the page of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and its print is offered as an example of "Filipino type-sticking, no proofs submitted."

VERY pitiful stories come from Havana about the distress of destitute families, used to the comforts of life, but now without means of support, and with very limited capacity for earning money. Such cases abound, and in a general way are the charge of the military authorities, but among them is a great field for private charity. Attention has been especially called to the predicament of the inmates of the Casa de las Viudas (Home of the Widows) in Havana, a large building occupied by the widows of Spanish officers. A recent report says that in this institution are 70 women, 90 girls, and 50 boys, almost all entirely destitute, who have been turned over to the Americans along with the rest of Cuba. The wife and daughter of General Ludlow have interested themselves especially in these helpless persons, and are trying to relieve some of their necessities, and put them in the way of helping themselves. Their pressing needs are for money and summer clothes, both for the women and children. Through Mrs. Ludlow, Miss De Peyster (7 East Forty-second Street, New York) has been interested in their case, and receives contributions and supplies for them.

THE Venezuelan *Herald* of Carácas takes notice of the compliment lately paid to Mr. F. B. Loomis, our minister to Venezuela, by the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States, which sent him a resolution expressing its thanks for his aid in establishing a sample-warehouse in Carácas, and its deep appreciation of his devotion to American interests.

Another tribute to Mr. Loomis's efficiency was lately paid by President Andrade of Venezuela, who, in his annual message to the Venezuelan Congress, referred to the success of the "intelligent and acute" efforts of the American minister to cement the good relations between the two countries.

THE world of science and the associated world of trade and news have been considerably stirred by the report of the success of Signor Marconi, electrician and inventor, in telegraphing from the South Foreland Light-house on the English coast to Boulogne-sur-Mer, in France, without a connecting wire. The distance is thirty-two miles, and is the greatest distance that Marconi's mechanism has as yet overcome, though his experiments have been successfully conducted for many months. The principles of which he avails himself were discovered by other investigators, but he has been highly successful in devising an apparatus by which they are put to practical use. It takes some knowledge of electricity to understand precisely what his apparatus is, though it is described as so simple that a boy can make and use it. His messages are carried by electrical waves, which he excites with a transmitter at one point and reads by means of a receiver at another. The distance which the waves will travel depends, apparently, on the height of the vertical conductor of which he makes use. With a conductor eighty feet high he can signal eighteen miles. His messages will pass through mountains without hesitation, and are not affected by storms. His system is now practically useful to enable ships at sea to communicate with one another and with the shore, for telegraphing through mountains, and for other purposes. What the ultimate development of it may be is past guessing, but it is not expected to supersede the telegraph, and copper stocks are not as yet affected.

THE Lawrenceville School, in New Jersey, has become known in the course of the last fifteen years as one of the leading schools for boys in the country. It takes rank with such schools as the Phillips academies at Andover and Exeter, as St. Paul's, St. Mark's, the Groton School, the Hill School, and others. Since its organization, seventeen years ago, on the John C. Green foundation, it has had but one head master, the Rev. Dr. James Cameron Mackenzie, to whom very much of its success is attributed. Dr. Mackenzie has just resigned his mastership, and will recruit his strength by rest preparatory to undertaking new labors.

To start a good school, whether by providing an endowment or by devoting one's own life to its management, is an admirable work, which is still far from being overdone in this country. The few great schools of thirty years ago still for the most part hold their own, and a number of others of the same class have sprung up. But the demand seems to increase faster than the supply. Money given for education is still given in most cases to colleges. To be sure, there are very many good high-schools all over the country, and especially in New England, which feed the colleges; but the boarding-schools do a work which the high-schools can hardly cover, and their growth in numbers and importance in this country is to be expected.

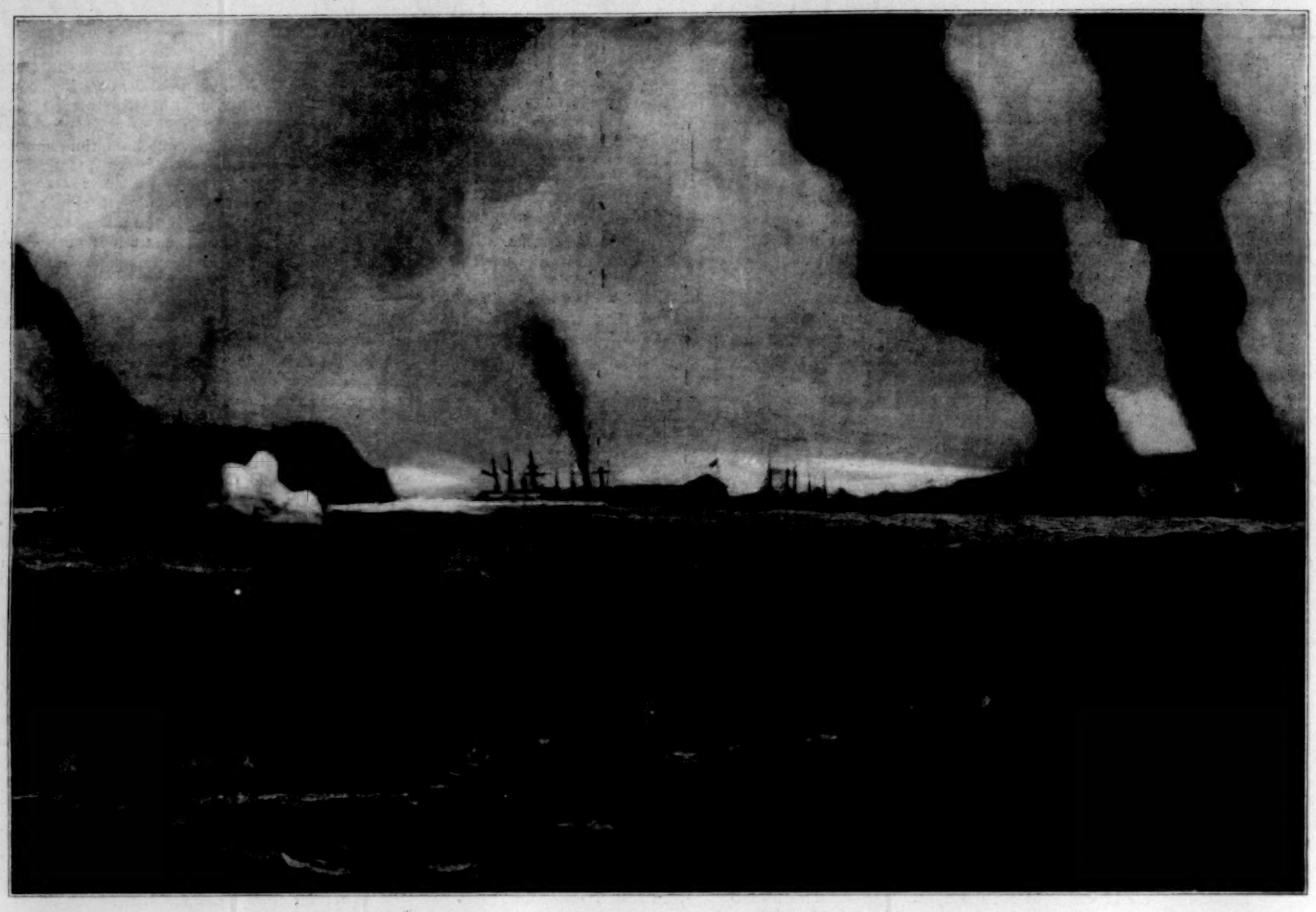
WORD has come through the Dutch legation at Washington that Queen Wilhelmina of Holland will be glad to receive from Dr. William Elliot Griffis a copy of his *The Student's Motley*. The book, as may be remembered, is a condensed edition of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. The abridgment was made by Dr. Griffis, who also added several chapters, which bring the history of Holland down to 1897. The book is very fully illustrated, and the Harpers, its publishers, are having a copy handsomely bound to be sent by Dr. Griffis to the young Queen.

THE announcement of the engagement of Mr. Richard Harding Davis (to Miss Clark of Chicago) has been received with excitement by thousands of Mr. Davis's readers, with emotion by his acquaintances, and with sincere satisfaction by his friends. It may not be an impertinence to say that while it is well for almost every man of due years and discretion to marry, it is a particularly good thing that Mr. Davis should make this important advance in life. He is a writer of wide acceptation, a story-teller to whose tales readers by the myriad turn for entertainment. How important therefore it is, not only to himself, but to a very-large part of the reading public, that his knowledge of life should grow as his years increase, and that he should progress towards that fulness of experience which is requisite to the composition of mature and comprehensive books!

It is of doubtful expediency for a writer to marry very early. There is much to see about the world which a bachelor sees to very good advantage. To be foot-loose, and free to start off anywhere on an hour's notice, to have only one's personal wishes to consult about meal-times and hours of labor, acquaintances and dinner companions, and both the ordinary and the extraordinary incidents of existence, is very handy for a rising writer. It is useful to him to feel entirely at liberty to dodge bullets on the firing-line as a war-correspondent, or to fall in and out of love as often as occasion warrants. In the business of letters the rolling stone may gather very valuable mosses, as well as polish and other useful attributes. But there is sure to come a time when the drawbacks of vagrancy outweigh its advantages, and there are peace and all sorts of wisdom and profit in the domesticated state. And so Mr. Davis's friends smile their satisfaction at the news of his engagement, and wonder what new aspects life will disclose to his new point of view.

THE latest order about the canteen and post exchange in the army, issued April 12, in accordance with the Attorney-General's interpretation of a recent law, provides that only beer and light wines shall be sold in the canteens, and that the sellers of these beverages shall not be soldiers detailed for that service, but civilians employed by the proper government authorities. Spirits or "hard liquor" is no longer to be sold at all.

It would seem as if this order retained the better features of the canteen and minimized its drawbacks. That it will satisfy the total-abstinence people is not to be expected. The one thing to be considered in regulating the canteen is the good of the soldier, and what most promotes that should be determined by men who know the soldier intimately and closely observe his manner of life. The canteen ought not to be abolished to please reformers, nor retained to gratify rumsellers. It ought to get absolute justice on its merits.



THE CAPTURE OF ILO ILO.

DRAWN BY H. DITZLER AFTER A SKETCH ON THE SPOT BY W. E. CARRE.—[SEE PAGE 404.]

The Fight in Samoa

THE first and second chapters of the story of the strife for kingship in Samoa, between Mataafa, aided by the German residents of Apia, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, Malietoa Tanu, whom Americans and English support, have been given, with many illustrations, in previous issues of this journal.* The very serious nature of the task undertaken by Rear-Admiral Kautz, commanding the cruiser *Philadelphia*, was apparent, and there was no room to doubt that the failure of the representatives of the three nations to act in concert explained the Mataafans' obstinate resistance. There are about 350 white traders and officials in Apia, of whom 75, roughly estimated, are American, 100 English, and 175 Germans. The so-called "German Firm," which is reported to be under the protection of the German government, has gradually become the owner of the best part of the island, by purchasing from the Samoan people everything that lies near the shore, and the most fertile portions of the territory inland. The director and other officers of this company are therefore able to form the opinions of the child-like natives, and to direct their actions in opposition to any other foreign influence.

The continuous bombardment of Mataafa's followers by the *Philadelphia* and the British vessels *Porpoise* and *Tauranga* did not produce the desired effect. Parties of bluejackets, as strong numerically as the inadequate forces at the disposal of the allies permitted, were sent ashore to engage the natives at close quarters. On one occasion twenty-seven of Mataafa's warriors were killed, and there were no casualties among the white men. The third chapter opens with a despatch from Admiral Kautz, which was received at Washington on April 12: "On April 1, while the combined forces of British and United States, under Lieutenant Freeman, British navy, were reconnoitring near Apia, they were ambuscaded. Deeply regret to announce the death of Lieutenant Philip V. Lansdale, Ensign John R. Monaghan, Coxswain James Butler, ordinary seaman Norman E. Edsal, and five men wounded, belonging to the *Philadelphia*. The British loss in killed, two men and Lieutenant Freeman." The landing-party numbered 105 men, Americans and British, and these were surrounded on the "German Firm" plantation (shown among our illustrations on page 397) by 800 Mataafans. As soon as the firing began the allies were deserted by the followers of Malieton Tanu who had accompanied them; unfortunately, also, their automatic gun became jammed and useless. Lieutenant Landsdale was shot while attempting to repair this gun. Ensign Monaghan refused to leave his wounded companion, and was killed. The commander of the party was shot through the heart. After a desperate fight, in which about fifty of the natives fell, the allies were forced to retreat to the beach, where they were protected by the guns of the war-ships. According to their custom, the natives beheaded those who were left wounded or dead upon the field. Priests from the French Mission afterwards brought the heads into Apia. The manager of the German plantation was arrested and detained on board the *Tauranga*, on affidavits declaring that he was seen urging the rebels to fight.

The United States embassy at Berlin made a statement for publication on April 13, which was, in brief, that the German government expressed sympathy, and urged that only the early arrival of the Samoan Commission would prevent further serious bloodshed.

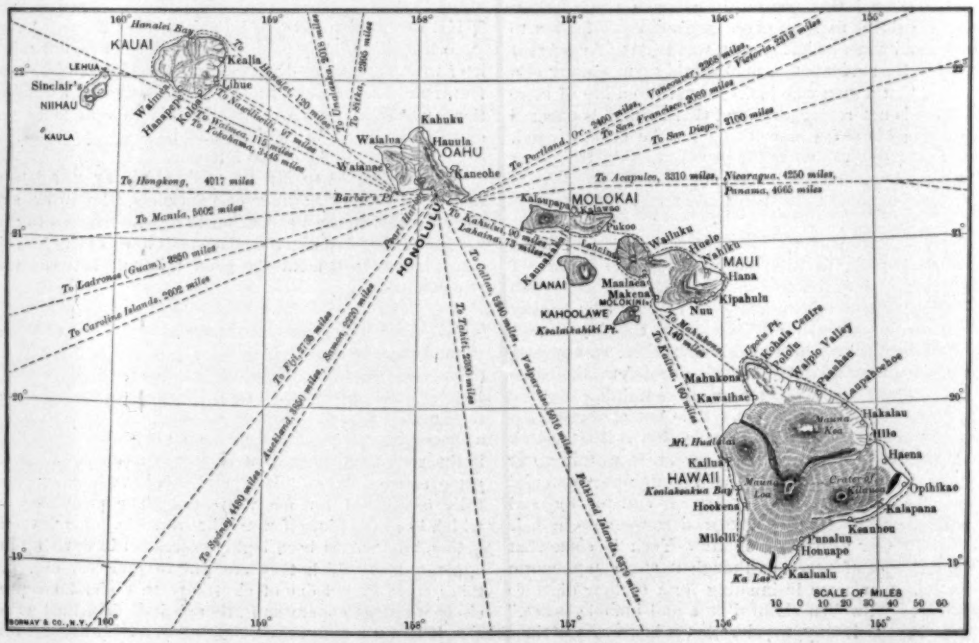
* See HARPER'S WEEKLY, February 25 and April 8.

Spanish-American Peace

THE message to Congress in which President McKinley said, "In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests, which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, *the war in Cuba must stop*," was dated April 11, 1898. The American and Spanish ratifications of the treaty of Paris were exchanged at Washington—and the Spanish-American war thus completely displaced by Spanish-American peace—on April 11, 1899.

A leading *rôle* was again assigned to M. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, who, between July 26 and August 12, 1898, had conducted the negotiations on behalf of Spain. At three o'clock in the afternoon of April 11, M. Cambon, accompanied by the first secretary of the French embassy, M. Thiébaut, arrived at the White House. Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, and Mr. Sidney Smith, chief of the Diplomatic Bureau of the State Department, were on hand to receive them, and the party proceeded without delay to the President's office.

The various branches of the government were represented in the assembly of guests who witnessed the proceedings, and a few other persons were present by special permission. All remained standing while a memorandum, done in duplicate in English and French, was being read—Mr. Hay reading the English version, and M. Thiébaut the French. This was a formal statement to the effect that the Secretary of State, authorized by the President, and the French ambassador, "especially authorized for this purpose" by the Queen-Regent, met at the White House for the purpose of effecting the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty of peace concluded at Paris December 10, 1898, compared the original instruments of those ratifications, and then proceeded to their exchange. After the reading of this document the two copies were sealed, and M. Cambon and Mr. Hay affixed their signatures. President McKinley then handed to M. Cambon the American copy of this memorandum, or protocol, together with the copy of the treaty which bore his signature, receiving from the French ambassador the Spanish copy of the memorandum, and that copy of the treaty which Cristina of Austria, Queen-Regent of Spain, had signed on March 17. President McKinley then issued the proclamation of peace, in which the full text of the treaty was embodied. "And whereas the said convention has been duly ratified on both parts"—thus the proclamation continues—"and the ratifications were exchanged in the city of Washington on the 11th day of April, 1899: now, therefore, be it known that I, William McKinley, President of the United States of America, have caused the said convention to be made public, to the end that the same and every article thereof may be observed and fulfilled with good faith in the United States and by the citizens thereof."



THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—CROSS-ROADS OF THE PACIFIC.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

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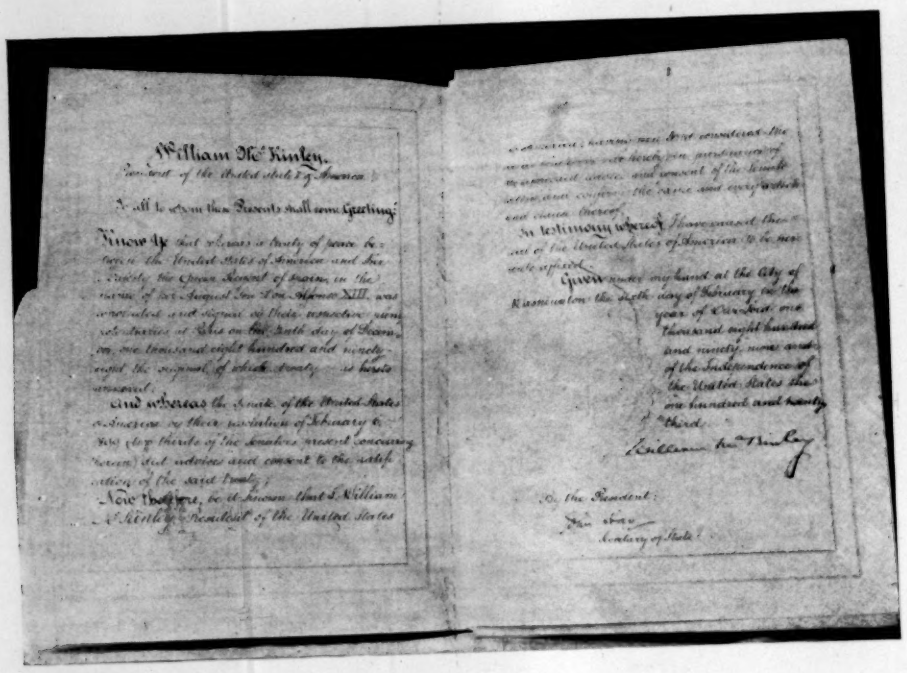
HON. JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE, SIGNING THE MEMORANDUM OF RATIFICATION ON BEHALF OF THE UNITED STATES.



William McKinley.
President of the United States of America

To all to whom these Presents shall come Greeting:

Know Ye that whereas a Treaty of peace between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain, in the name of the August Son Don Alfonso XIII, was concluded and signed by their respective plenipotentiaries at Paris on the tenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, the original of which Treaty is hereto annexed;

and whereas the Senate of the United States by their resolution of February 6, 1899 (two thirds of the Senators present concurring therein) did advise and consent to the ratification of the said Treaty;

Now therefore, be it known that I, William McKinley, President of the United States of America, have caused the said Treaty to be made public, to the end that the same and every article and clause thereof may be observed and fulfilled with good faith by the United States and the citizens thereof.

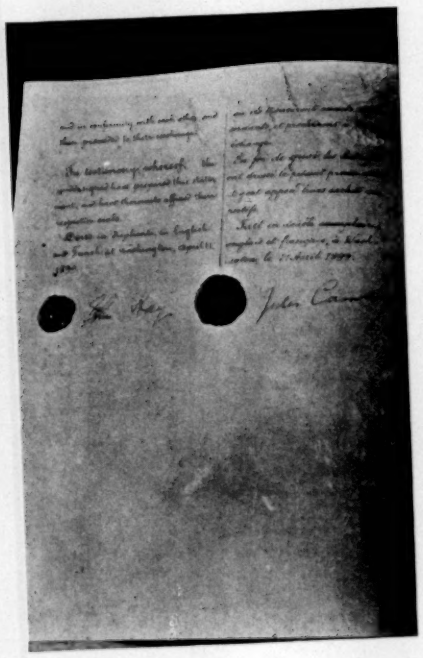
In testimony whereof I have caused the Seal of the United States of America to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington this tenth day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-third.

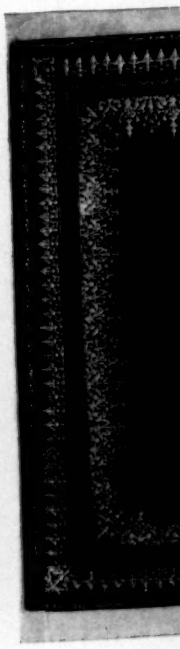
William McKinley

By the President:
John Hay
Secretary of State.

THE PEACE PROCLAMATION.



MEMORANDUM OF EXCHANGE SIGNED BY M. CAMBON AND SEC'Y HAY.



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THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN—SCENES ATTENDING THE EXCHANG

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M. JULES CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, SIGNING THE MEMORANDUM OF RATIFICATION ON BEHALF OF SPAIN.

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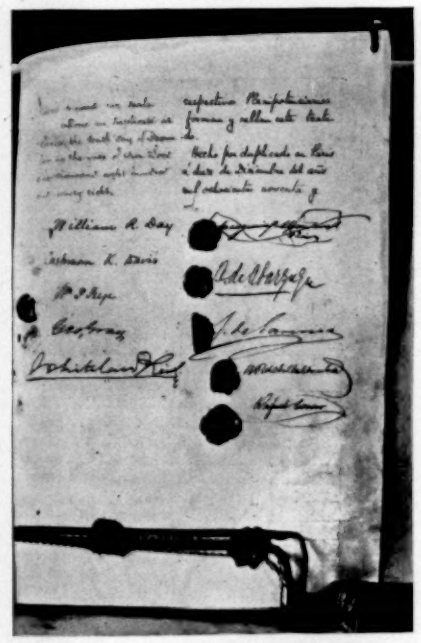
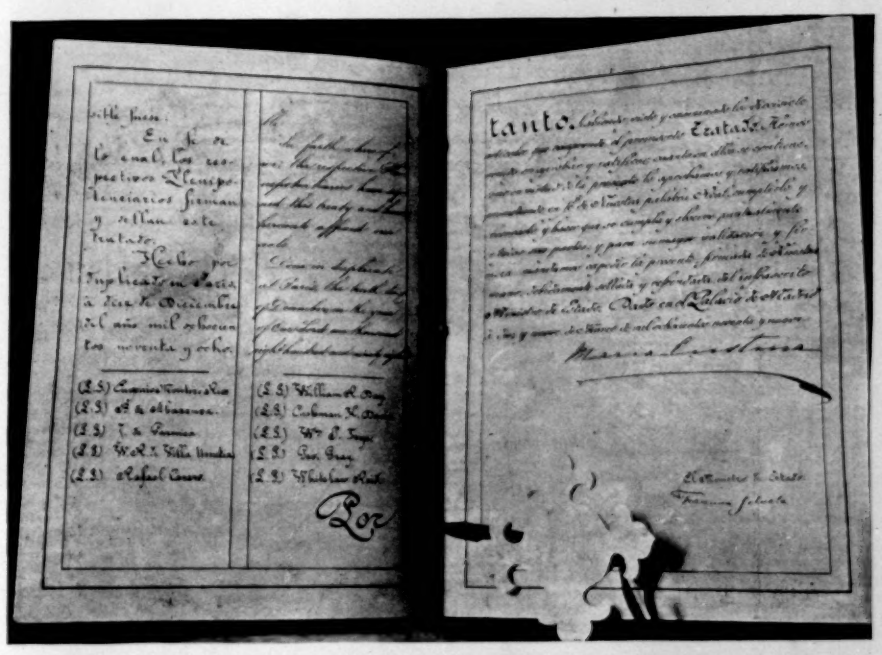
HE PART OF SPAIN.



ORIGINAL TREATY, SHOWING PEACE COMMISSIONERS' SIGNATURES.



THE RATIFICATION BY SPAIN, SIGNED BY H. M. MARIA CRISTINA, QUEEN-REGENT.

E OF THE RATIFICATIONS OF THE TREATY OF PEACE AT THE WHITE HOUSE, APRIL 11, 1899.

[SEE PAGE 394.]

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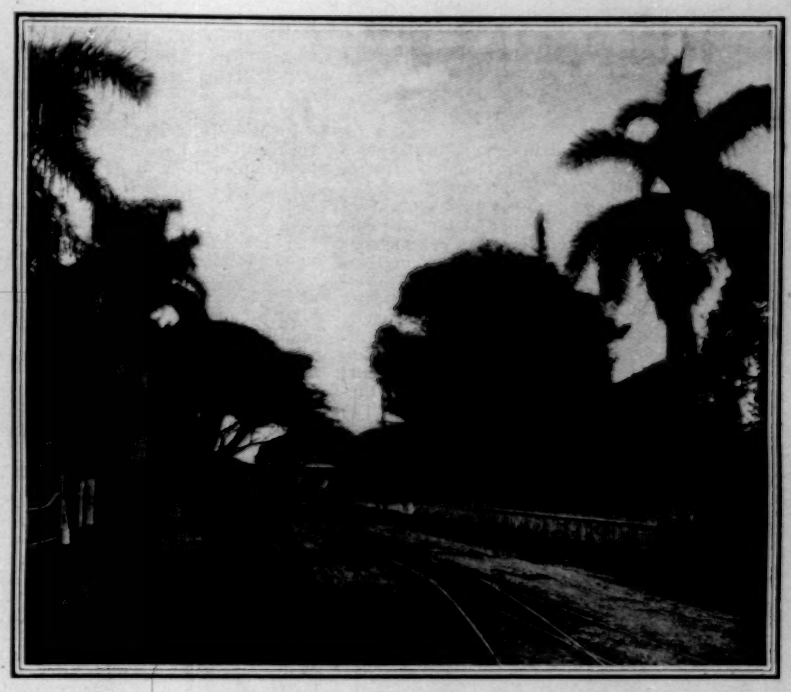
PUNAHOU COLLEGE.

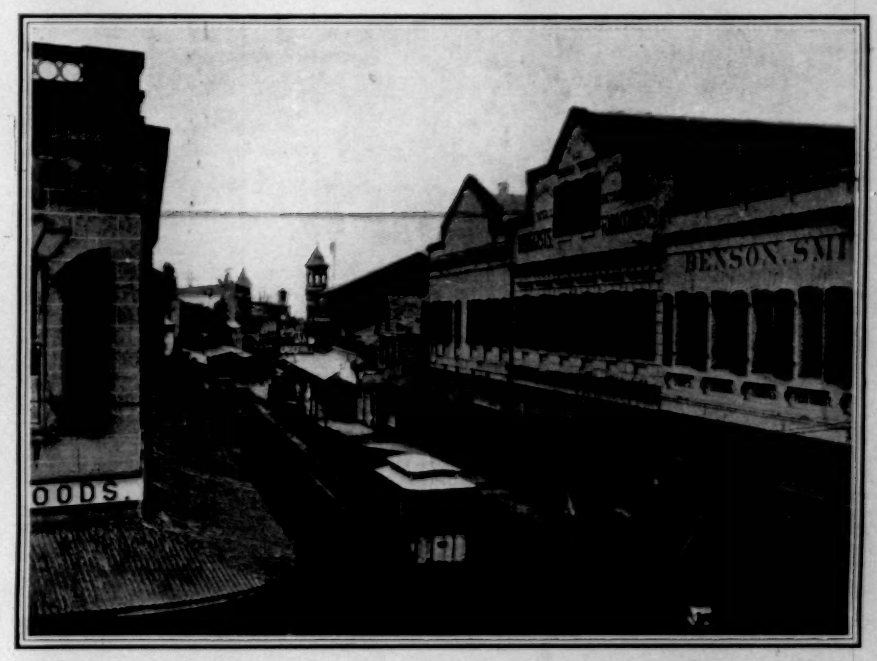


THE CITY'S MOST BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE STREET.

HONOLULU FROM THE PALI—DIAMOND HEAD IN THE DISTANCE.

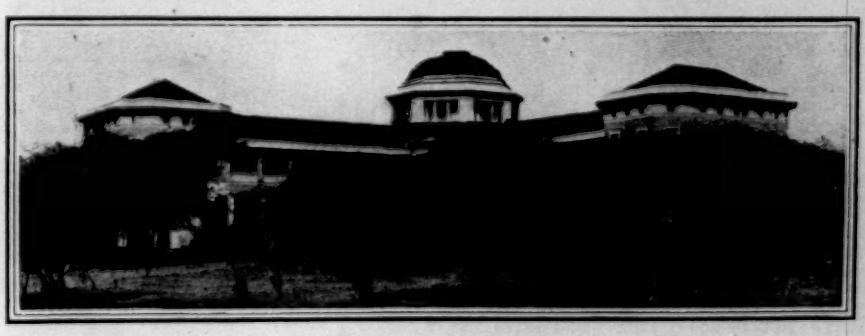
CENTRAL FIRE STATION.

THE PACIFIC CLUB.



FORT STREET, THE CHIEF BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE.

KAMEHAMEHA BOYS' SCHOOL.



KAMEHAMEHA GIRLS' SCHOOL.

HONOLULU—SCENES IN THE CHIEF CITY OF OUR MID-PACIFIC TERRITORY.—[See Page 411.]

DRAMA

"LITTLE ITALY," a one-act tragedy by Horace B. Fry, had only four performances at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, but it remains in the memory of the few who saw it the most vivid of the many interesting features of Mrs. Fiske's stay with us, and one of the notable events of the dramatic season. The story is one of those squalid tragedies of the Italian colony of New York of which one may read almost any morning when the papers are short of the grander sensations. A young Neapolitan woman whom circumstances have forced into a loveless marriage is homesick for the sunny sloth of Italy, and on the sudden appearance of a former lover, a street musician, deserts her husband. The woman is killed in attempting to escape, and the men fight, after their nature, though without fatal result. The accessories are as sordid as the story. The

A Tragedy of the Slums.

JOBYNA HOWLAND,
Playing *Queen Flavia* in "Rupert of Hentzau."

scene is carefully studied from the most squalid tenement life: the wife is killed while descending in a dumb-waiter, and the men fight with a bread-knife and a poker. A part of Mrs. Fiske's audiences were of such refinement that these details revolted them; but it is pleasant to note that most of them were blessed with more hardy imaginations. For those who, having eyes, could see, Mr. Fry's people were so artlessly true that they rose to the level of artistic creation; and the incidents, which occupied scarcely half an hour, were so adroitly adapted to dramatic presentation that they seemed a mere transcript from the life. The hand of fate was working in it all in its inexorable, just way; but the passion of the lover was so convincing that one's heart went with him, and the disease of homesickness from which the wife suffered was conceived with such imagination that one forgave her. This, I suppose, is the true test of a work of art—that through the workings of fate, which are remorseless, one should feel the divine love that pardons. A fitting share of this effect was due to the actors. Mr. Tyrone Power's rendering of the street musician was broad and elevated, without flinching from truth; and Mrs. Fiske's *Giulia* was one of her most absolute impersonations, steeped in an elementary, almost animal passion of homesickness. Under ordinary circumstances one would have said that their acting was lost in its own art; but Mr. Frederic de Belleville's impersonation of the Italian husband makes the circumstances far from ordinary. No trace of his art was visible. For the time being he simply *was* the rough, affectionate, dull Mulberry Street baker of a husband. The realism of his art was of the kind that comes easy to the Italian actors of the Bowery when giving modern Italian plays; and such actors as Mr. Denman Thompson and Mr. James A. Herne are masters of similar effects in American character. But for an actor to clothe himself in the actuality of a foreign character as Mr. de Belleville does is altogether extraordinary.

Mrs. Fiske's season of repertory plays—"Magda," "Frou-Frou," "Divorçons," and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—has a merit of its own outside of the merits of the various performances. The best of American actors, with a very few exceptions, have fallen under the sway of the theatrical trust; and though this so-called syndicate is perhaps not at all as bad in its influences as its foes have painted it, and has many virtues which even its zealous partisans have apparently not taken note of, it has one vital defect. Whenever one of its actor-servants makes a popular success, he is bound up to it, hand and foot. As far as their freedom for artistic growth is concerned, such actors as Mr. Drew and Miss Maude Adams (I mention the most distinguished) might as well be galley-slaves. Mrs. Fiske has foregone the heralding of a more or less suborned press; she has been forced at times to play in theatres that a barn-stormer would pause before, and that the kind of audiences she appeals to are not easily made to frequent. But she plays what she chooses, and what she chooses is the best that offers. She is reverent toward the text of her authors, and she neglects all effects of costume and of scenery that do not directly help on the best interests of her performances. Let us be grateful for that, and while we are all bowing before the Gascon hero of freedom, so successfully exploited by an overmastering trust, let us remember that we have a live artist who also has guarded her panache.

Mrs. Fiske and the Commercial Manager.

In Miss Julia Marlowe's production at the Knickerbocker of "Colinette," which Mr. Henry Guy Carleton has adapted from the French of MM. G. Lenotre and Gabriel Martin, the panache is the thing that is lacking. Miss Marlowe has long been welcomed in Philadelphia, Boston, and other leisurely places as an interpreter of the classical young women of our dramatic literature. Her *Juliet* is the best we have had of late years (almost the only one!), and her *Rosalind* is so full of sweetness and mirth of a kind peculiar to Miss Marlowe that it deserves a place quite by itself. Altogether her art is rare and pure and vigorous in a way that once promised the best. Until last season she had not been adequately recognized in New York, and even then her greatest success—in "The Countess Valesca"—was not along the lines in which her art has been of most advantage to the American stage. If nothing is too low to find welcome in the metropolis, the account, one might argue, is balanced by the fact that no high art is countenanced except the very highest; so, in falling off a peg or two from her best, Miss Marlowe has no doubt strengthened her popularity on Broadway. "Colinette" is "A Comedy of French History and Manners, in Four Acts." It is written either in very heavy verse or in the cantering prose of stageland—it scarcely matters which—and it is a ragoût of several older plays of note, the most currently recognizable of which is "Madame Sans-Gêne." If it bettered the wit and the distinction of its model there would be reason to applaud; but as it is, one can only regret that Miss Marlowe has not been encouraged to abide by the old things that have real value until she can command new things that are similarly fortunate. Meanwhile, however, one must render the things that are due. The play is innocent of harm—which, it is reported, cannot be said of the French original—and as Miss Marlowe enacts the title part, it is pleasant enough to sit through. *Colinette* is a vivandière sans gêne who marries a nobleman, and Miss Marlowe gives the effect of buoyant honesty and wifely loyalty in a manner that, though it lacks absolute conviction, has a gaucherie and naïveté that are very charming. In the last act her encounter with Louis XVIII. gives scope for a few passages of comedy, including an appearance in the uniform of a hussar, which are skilfully, if theatrically, worked out, and which may be warranted to please. Altogether the performance reminds one of the turtle-fed alderman Washington Irving tells about, who smacked his lips over a spoonful of charity broth and pronounced it excellent soup for poor people; but the analogy breaks down in that the turtle most abundantly supplied this year on Broadway has been Mock-Turtle.

Miss Marlowe's Panache.

The production of "Othello" by Mr. R. D. MacLean, Miss Odette Tyler, and Mr. C. B. Hanford, and their company is one of the significant events of the season, but not so much because of any great merit in the performance as because it gives a curious revelation of the attitude of the New York public toward stage presentations of Shakspere. The scenery and costumes were adequate—much better than in the productions of the great actors of the past generation. The acting, if uninspired, was careful and rhetorical; though it seldom illuminated the lines, it as seldom obscured them. And it was especially to be commended for the knowledge and care with which the traditional stage-business of the play was given. The play—let's not forget the play—was the best-acting drama that has been seen on Broadway in many a long year, and is virtually new on the stage to the present generation of New-Yorkers. The critics seemed equally unable to forget that they had last seen Miss Tyler in a kittenish part in "Secret Service," and that Mr. MacLean's *Othello* did not realize their conception of Shakspere's ideal. So far as the more cultivated theatre-goers are concerned, "Othello" might as well not have been produced.

An attempted Revival of Shakspere.

The standard of criticism employed was, properly speaking, not that of the drama at all. In our ignorance of the actual staging of Shakesperean tragedy it is perhaps too much to expect that it should be. The standard was that of the literary critic of Shakspere—the Coleridge-Schlegel-Dowden kind of thing, that has done more to unfit us for scenic representation of our classic plays than all our modern frivolity. We read the plays, though Shakspere never intended that we should, and by reading them we form certain ideals of what they are. When we see them on the stage, where Shakspere meant us to see them, we find that they are false to our literary ideals, and we patronize the people who have put them there. In a young critic, necessarily unfamiliar with the traditions of the stage, this library criticism is perhaps excusable; but Mr. William Winter, the dean of New York critics and the intimate friend of the past generation of Shakesperean actors, writes as follows: "Mr. Hanford gave *Iago* a low-comedy twist, especially in the soliloquies, in which *Iago* appears as the undisguised and veritable minister of hell, and in which all such ebullitions of mirth are completely wrong. A nasal twang and a chuckling 'snigger' are new things in *Iago*." To the literary ear this sounds very well, but as to the stage *Iago* Mr. Winter plainly lacks information. In the last previous production of "Othello" in New York—that of the Italian Company, late of the Bowery—the part of *Iago* was taken by P. Raponi, the comedian of the troop, and was given a characteristic and grotesque expression, at which the Italian audience, though keenly abhorring *Iago's* villany, burst into shouts of joy. More significant on this point is a remark of Edwin Booth's, that *Iago* requires to be played from the point of view of a comedian. And how very "wrong" and "new" Mr. Hanford's conception of the part is we may judge by the following quotation from Gildon's *Reflections on Rymer's Short View of Tragedy*, published in 1694: "I am assur'd, from very good hands, that the person that acted *Iago* was in much esteem of a comedian, which made Shakspere put several words and expressions into his part, perhaps not so agreeable to his character, to make the audience laugh, who had not yet learnt to endure to be serious a whole play." In order to study more closely the contact between the stage Shakspere and his audience I purposely avoided the first night of "Othello" at the Herald Square. The audience I found, which filled the house comfortably, was made up of those people who know Shakspere only as a playwright, and appreciate him as such. Their attitude toward the play was as fresh, wholesome, and responsive as that of the Italian audience, and they laughed with Mr. Hanford's *Iago* unashamed. Only two classes of people nowadays are able to enjoy Shakspere on the stage—the uncultivated and the cultivated. Unfortunately the mass of Metropolitan theatre-goers are ruined by half-intelligence.

Shakesperean Criticism and the Stage.

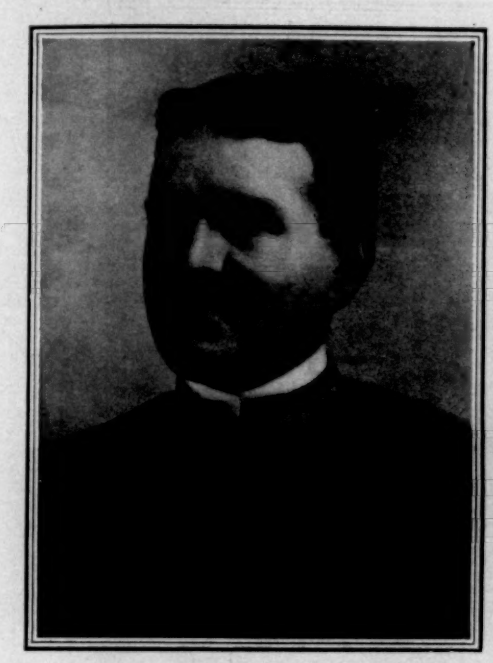
The two latest plays at the Lyceum will not add to its enviable reputation. In "John Ingerfield" Mr. Jerome K. Jerome presents a stage version of his story of the same name. In the story a hard-headed young tallow-merchant, who has social ambitions, makes a loveless marriage with the daughter of an impoverished family, who has been jilted because of her poverty. Both young people have better hearts than they know, and upon the outbreak of typhus at the tallow-factory they go down from their loveless life in town, and take care of their stricken people together. *Ingerfield* dies of the typhus, but not before it is discovered that love has conquered both their hard hearts. The motive has dramatic possibilities, but Mr. Jerome's play is not only badly built (the solution appearing at the end of the second of four acts), but much of it is false and theatrical. The play is sympathetic, however, and is acted as only the Lyceum company can act. It has thus strong elements of popularity. "Rupert of Hentzau," Mr. Anthony Hope's dramatization of his sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda" is noteworthy as giving Mr. Hackett plenty of fighting, and Miss Howland, "the original Gibson model," plenty of posing. Mr. Lincoln's sentence fits it aptly. It is to be recommended to those that like that kind of thing.

JOHN CORBIN.

Lyceum Romances.

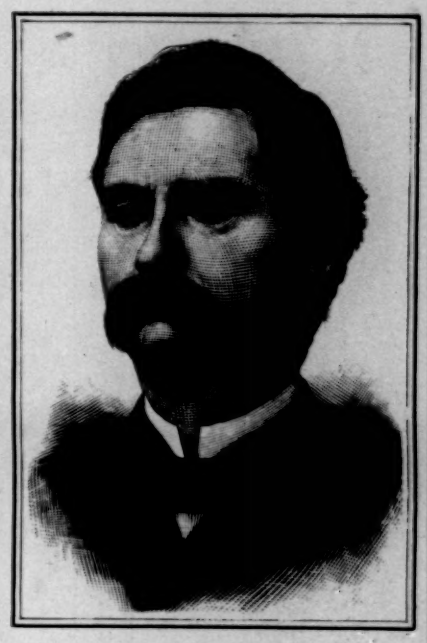
James K. Hackett (*Rudolf*) and Arthur Hoops (*Count Rupert of Hentzau*).

THE FIGHT FOR THE QUEEN'S LETTER.
From the Third Act of "Rupert of Hentzau," playing at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.



LIEUT. PHILIP V. LANSDALE, U. S. N.,
Killed at Mulifanua.

MOTOOLUA ROAD, LEADING TO MULIFANUA.



HON. BARTLETT TRIPP,
American Member of the Joint Commission.

APIA—RESIDENCE OF DIRECTOR OF THE GERMAN FIRM.

MULIFANUA PLANTATION OF THE GERMAN FIRM—SCENE OF THE FIGHTING

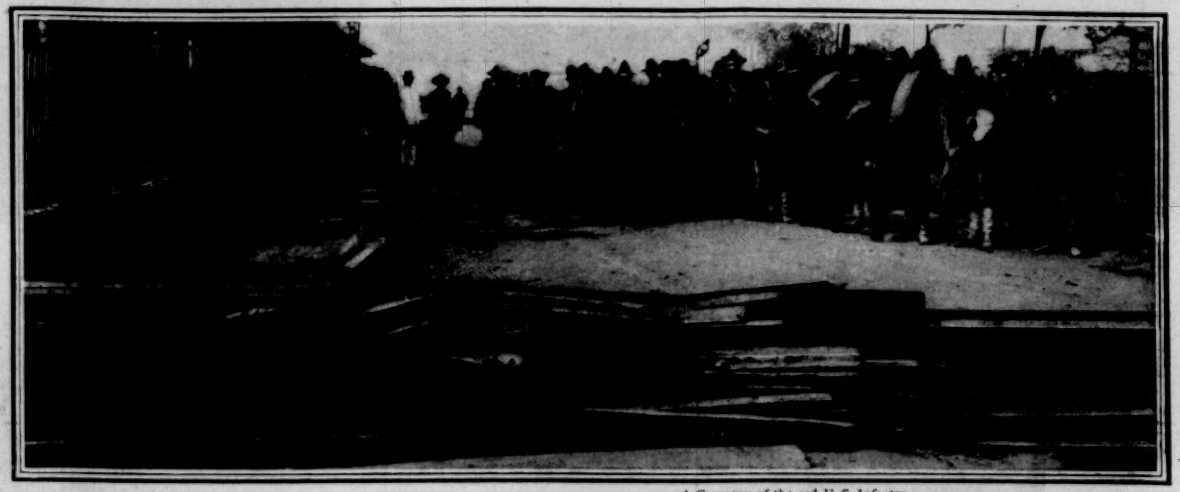
R. L. STEVENSON'S HOME, AND MOUNTAIN ON WHICH HE IS BURIED—VIEW FROM THE FRENCH MISSION.

SAMOA—THE SCENE OF THE FIGHTING OF APRIL 1, IN WHICH TWO AMERICAN OFFICERS AND TWO MEN, AND ONE BRITISH OFFICER AND TWO MEN, WERE KILLED.—[SEE PAGE 394.]

PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THE TOP OF TONDO CHURCH AFTER THE FIRE OF FEBRUARY 22 AND THE FIGHT OF FEBRUARY 23.

General Anderson.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS M. ANDERSON, U. S. V., AND STAFF.

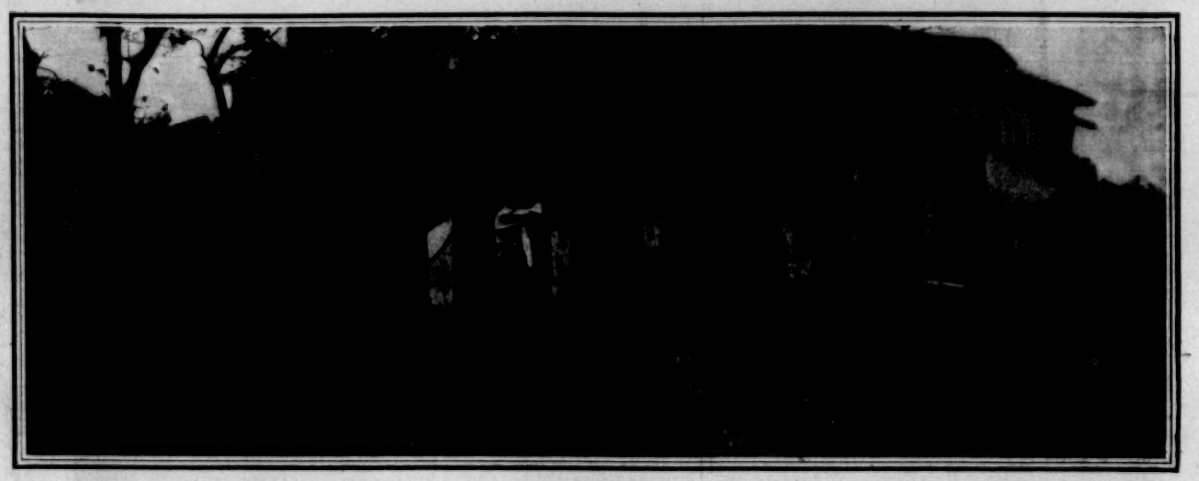


A Company of the 23d U. S. Infantry.

REMAINS OF A BARRICADE OF RAILROAD IRON THROWN UP BY INSURGENTS DURING THE FIRE.

Insurgent Prisoners.

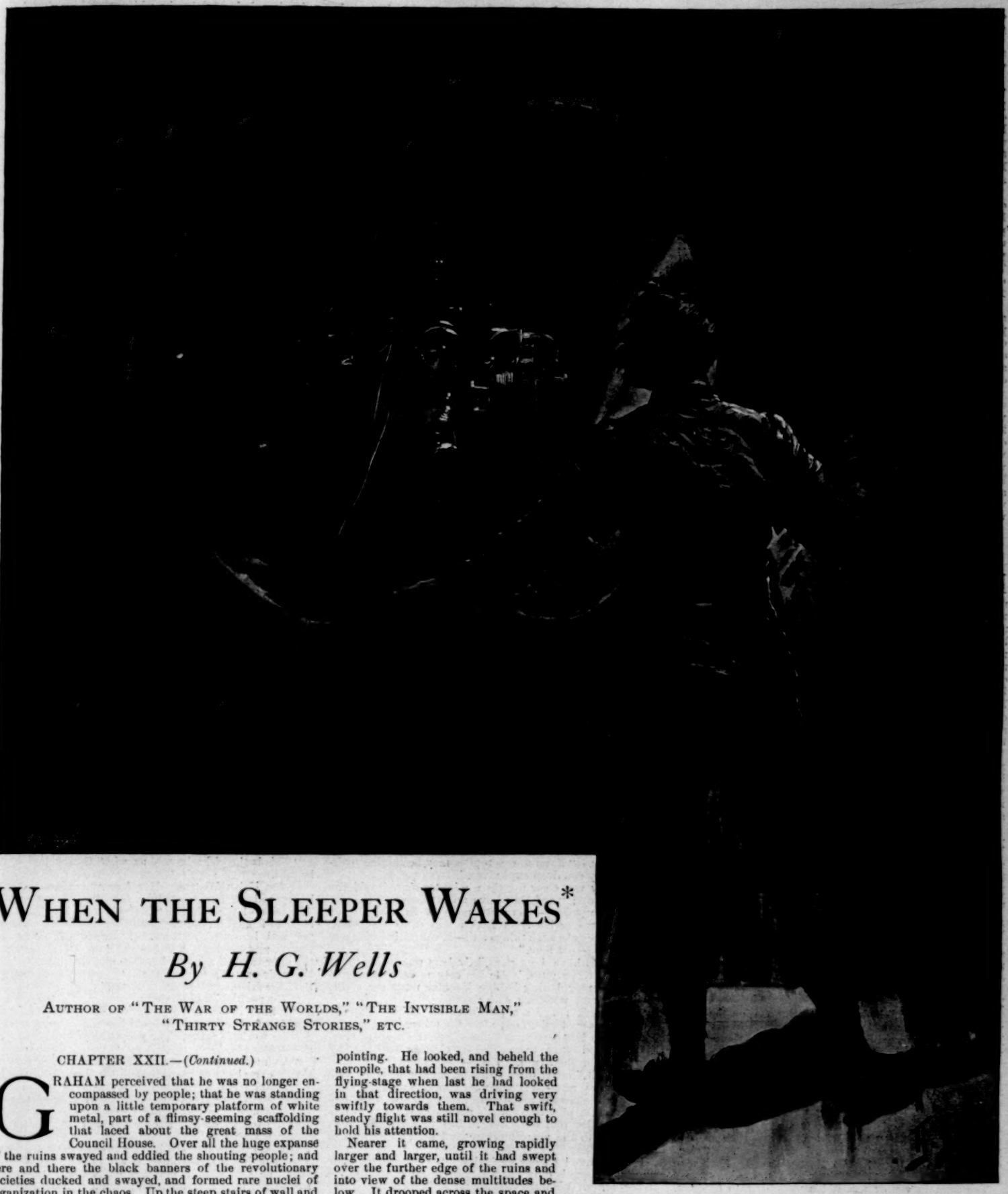
THE PASIG RIVER, WHERE INSURGENTS ATTEMPTED TO SWIM ACROSS, FEBRUARY 4.



THE TONDO FIGHT—SOME INSURGENT SHARPSHOOTERS HAVE JUST FIRED FROM THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT.

MANILA—SCENES ATTENDING THE INSURGENT ATTEMPT TO BURN THE CITY AND MASSACRE THE INHABITANTS.

From Photographs by John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.



When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—(*Continued.*)

GRAHAM perceived that he was no longer encompassed by people; that he was standing upon a little temporary platform of white metal, part of a flimsy-seeming scaffolding that laced about the great mass of the Council House. Over all the huge expanse of the ruins swayed and eddied the shouting people; and here and there the black banners of the revolutionary societies ducked and swayed, and formed rare nuclei of organization in the chaos. Up the steep stairs of wall and scaffolding by which his rescuers had reached the opening in the Atlas Chamber clung a solid crowd, and little energetic black figures clinging to pillars and projections were strenuous to induce these congested masses to stir. Behind him, at a higher point on the scaffolding, a number of men struggled upwards with the flapping folds of a huge black standard. Through the yawning gap in the walls below him he could look down upon the packed attentive multitudes in the Hall of the Atlas.

The distant flying-stages to the south came out bright and vivid, brought nearer, as it seemed, by an unusual translucency of the air. A solitary aeropile beat up from the central stage.

"What became of Ostrog?" asked Graham, and even as he spoke he saw that all eyes were turned from him towards the crest of the Council House building. He looked also in this direction of universal attention. For a moment he saw nothing but the jagged corner of a wall, hard and clear against the sky. Then in the shadow he perceived the interior of a room, and recognized, with a start, the green and white decorations of his former prison. And coming quickly across this opened room, to the very verge of the cliff of the ruin, came a little white gray-headed figure, followed by two other smaller-seeming figures in black and yellow. He heard the man beside him exclaim "Ostrog!" and turned to ask a question. But he never did, because of the startled exclamation of another of those who were with him and a lank finger suddenly pointing. He looked, and beheld the aeropile, that had been rising from the flying-stage when last he had looked in that direction, was driving very swiftly towards them. That swift, steady flight was still novel enough to hold his attention.

Nearer it came, growing rapidly larger and larger, until it had swept over the further edge of the ruins and into view of the dense multitudes below. It drooped across the space and rose and passed overhead, rising to clear the mass of the Council House, a filmy translucent shape, with the solitary aeronaut peering down through its ribs. It vanished beyond the sky-line of the ruins. Graham glanced at Ostrog, and saw him signalling with his hands, and his attendants busy breaking down the wall beside him. In another moment the aeropile came into view again, a little thing far away, coming round in a wide curve and going slower.

Then suddenly the man in yellow shouted: "What are they doing? What are the people doing? Why is Ostrog left there? Why is he not captured? They will lift him—the aeropile will lift him! Ah!"

The exclamation was echoed by a shout from the ruins. The rattling sound of the green weapons drifted across the intervening gulf to Graham, and looking down, he saw a number of black and yellow uniforms running along one of the galleries that lay open to the air below the promontory upon which Ostrog stood. They fired, as they ran, at men unseen, and then emerged a number of pale blue figures in pursuit. These minute fighting figures had the oddest effect; they seemed, as they ran, like little model soldiers in a toy. This queer appearance of a house cut open gave that struggle amidst furniture and passages a quality of unreality. It was perhaps two hundred yards away from him, and very nearly fifty above the heads in the ruins below. The black and yellow men ran into an open archway, and turned and fired a volley. One of the blue pursuers, striding forward close to the edge, flung up his arms, staggered sideways, seemed to Graham's sense to hang over the edge for several seconds, and fell headlong down. Graham saw him strike a projecting corner, fly out head over heels, and vanish behind the red arm of the nearest building-machine.

And then a shadow came between him and the sun. He looked up, and the sky was clear, but he knew the aeropile had passed. Ostrog had vanished.

"They are grounding!" cried the man in yellow. "They are grounding! Tell the people to fire at him! Tell them to fire at him!"

Graham could not understand. He heard loud voices repeating these enigmatical orders. Suddenly over the edge of the ruins came the prow of the aeropile, and stopped with a jerk. In a moment Graham understood that the thing had grounded in order that Ostrog might escape by it. He saw a blue haze climbing out of the gulf—perceived that the people below him were firing up at the projecting corners of the vanes. A man beside him cheered hoarsely, and he saw that the blue rebels had gained the archway that had been contested by the men in black and yellow a moment before, and were running in a continual stream along the open passage.

And suddenly the aeropile came sliding over the edge of the Council House and fell. It dropped, tilting at an angle of forty-five degrees, and drooping so steeply that it seemed to Graham—it seemed perhaps to most of those below—that it could not possibly rise again. It came so

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

closely past him that he could see Ostrog clutching the guides of the seat, with his gray hair streaming; see the white-faced aeronaut wrenching over the lever that drove the engine along its guides. He heard the apprehensive, vague cry of innumerable men.

Graham clutched the railing before him. The lower vane of the aeropile seemed within an ace of touching the people, who yelled and screamed and trampled one another below. And then it was rising. For a moment it looked as if it could not possibly clear the opposite cliff, that it could not possibly clear the wind-wheel that rotated beyond. And, behold! it was clear and soaring, still heeling sideways, upward, upward into the wind-swept sky.

The suspense of the moment gave place to a fury of exasperation as the swarming myriads realized that Ostrog had escaped them. With belated activity the swarming people began to fire, until the rattling wove into a roar, until the whole area became dim and blue, and the air pungent with the thin smoke of their weapons. Too late! The little aeropile dwindled smaller and smaller, and curved about and swept downward to the flying-stage from which it had so lately arisen.

For a while a confused babblement arose from the ruins, and then the universal attention came back to Graham, perched high among the scaffolding. He saw the faces of the people turned towards him, heard their exultant shouts at his rescue. From the throat of the ways the song came, spreading like a breeze across that swaying sea of men. The little group of men about him shouted congratulations on his escape. The man in yellow was close to him, with a set face and shining eyes. And the song was rising. Slowly the realization came of the full meaning of these things to him, the perception of the swift change in his position. Ostrog, who had stood beside him whenever he had faced that shouting multitude, was beyond there—the antagonist. There was no one to rule for him any longer. Even the people about him, the leaders and organizers of the multitude, looked to see what he would do—looked to him to act, awaited his orders. He was King indeed. His puppet reign was at an end.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GRAHAM AS KING.

HE was very intent to do the thing that was expected of him. His nerves and muscles were quivering, his mind was perhaps a little confused, but he felt neither fear nor anger. His hand that had been trodden upon throbbed and was hot. He was a little nervous about his bearing. He knew he was not afraid, but he was anxious not to seem afraid. In his former life he had often been more excited in playing games of skill. He was desirous of immediate action; he knew he must not think too much in detail of the huge complexity of the struggle about him, lest he should be paralyzed by the sense of its intricacy. Over there those square blue shapes, the flying-stages, meant Ostrog; against Ostrog he was fighting for the world.

One idea was very clear in his mind. He turned to the men who crowded on the narrow bridge that led to his little stage, and who clung all down the crude brick stairway. He pointed to the distant flying-stages. "We must take those," he said. "We must take the flying-stages before those negroes come."

He turned his head to the chaos below. "These people, have they no drill, no order?"

He understood the man in yellow to say he was a master of the ward societies, the secret societies by which the insurrection had been organized. "They have no order here. They have come on the impulse," he said, "each man by himself."

"How can we get them in order? And quick! Can they march as they are—a crowd, a tumult?"

"No," said the man in yellow. "If the ways are not stopped, if the way-men keep them going, we can do better than that." He searched his mind, full of the knowledge of things that were beyond Graham's understanding.

"I have it!" he said. He thrust his way towards the little bridge.

"Pass the word!" he shouted to the men on the stairway. "Pass the word! Each man go back to his ward. Each man to his ward leaders. Get in order there at the ward centres, fall in, and march to the flying-stages."

He shouted this again, and incontinently all the men on the narrow stairs were thrusting their way down and shouting. The tumult in the Atlas Chamber sank to hear, and rose again, repeating Graham's order. The workmen clinging up the face of the scaffolding caught the words and shouted them down. In a few seconds the whole multitude had it. "The Master's word—each man to his ward; each man to his ward leaders. The flying-stages are to be taken! The Master's word. Each man to his ward to fall in there!"

The man in yellow thrust his way back to Graham. "It is the only way. They are hampered here—no rallying-points—no order. It is their only chance of finding their ward captains, to go back. See! They are already swarming back on the ways. The city is a crowd now—in a little while it will be an army."

"But orders! If they go from here, how am I to give them orders?"

"Here, across the Hall of the Atlas, are the telephones to the Public Intelligence Centres. And I will send men to hold up all the central voices of the Babble Machines for you."

Graham made no answer, save a gesture of assent, and moved towards the little bridge. The men about him began to thrust and shout to clear his path. "Way for the Master! The Master is coming!"

As Graham crossed the great hall on his way to the central office, he saw the people in that place still in a dense disorder, in spite of the efforts of the black-badged society marshals. The men about him hurried him along a gallery behind the Atlas. Graham scanned the tumult. He hesitated as if he would speak to the mass below, exhort them to battle. "It is no good," he said. "It is no good. And they would not hear me," and he hurried on. "There is no time. I must speak to the whole world," he said. "I must make a sort of proclamation. And then—those flying-stages."

They took him first into the little chamber from which they communicated with the General Intelligence Machines and with certain of the ward leaders. There an informal council of war had assembled—a portion of the committee of ward organizers that Ostrog had created. "We must capture the flying-stages," he repeated. He was vaguely aware of the ward leaders about him, talking with one another, offering counsel. The man in yellow showed him a plan of the city spread upon a table, and colored to divide it into sections, and with little numbers to show how many men could bear arms in each ward. "All this was Ostrog's planning," said the man in yellow, extending a comprehensive hand. "He calculated everything. Except"—he indicated the people without by a movement of the hand—"*that*."

"How about the flying-machines?" cried Graham. "The flying-machines?"

"They are all against us—all with Ostrog," said the man in yellow.

"Have we none—not one on our side?"

"Not an aeronaut is with us."

"If there was one—there are no machines."

He began to point out the strategic qualities of the city ways about the Roehampton stage.

While Graham was bending over the unfamiliar symbolism of the map, asking eager questions, came men to say that the body of Ostrogites cooped up in the corner of the Council House above had capitulated, that Lincoln was a prisoner. Graham did not understand for a moment. When he did he reverted to the map. "Never mind our prisoners," he said. "We have to capture those flying-stages. Get the people marching—get the people marching."

Then a stir, and through an open panel he heard in the adjacent apartment the click of a lever, followed by the murmur of a Babble Machine. Presently one of the committee came to tell him that the General Intelligence Machines were with him, that the people were massing in their wards all over the city, that everywhere the Londoners, even many of the middle-class Londoners, had risen against the coming of the black police. "Ostrog has miscalculated," said the committee-man.

"There are the flying-machines against us—the flying-machines," said Graham. "We must capture the flying-stages."

He returned to the map, looked up with a question, and missed Asano for the first time. He asked what had become of him. None of these strangers present knew Asano's name. "There were three or four men killed in the Atlas Chamber," said one. "Killed!" Graham understood only slowly. He stared vaguely at the moving figures about him. The little active man in black intervening to protect him was very vivid for an instant.

The man in yellow came pushing his way towards him to report the orders given, the wards gathering rapidly, the people of the Westminster quarter already in motion towards the Roehampton flying-stage. "Good!" exclaimed Graham. "But about the flying-machines. What is Ostrog doing with the flying-machines?"

"The sky is clear," said the man in yellow.

"The flying-machines are our danger," said Graham. "It cannot be long. They are Ostrog's strength. Very soon he will be launching aeropiles at us. What are we to do?"

"In our last fight—" said one of the committee-men.

"In your last fight they were for Ostrog. They are for Ostrog still."

He suddenly remembered a remark of Ostrog's. "Ah! There are guns. On the night of the revolt they were casting heavy guns!"

The men about him looked at one another.

"Some one must find out about those guns," said Graham, pacing. "Even now aeropiles may be soaring overhead. They can drop explosives."

"The sky was clear not three minutes since," said the man in yellow; "and they have no explosives. Bombs, grenades, torpedoes—there are none in Europe. Until the aeroplanes arrive from Africa they can do nothing. In Africa they use such things still—in the native villages. But not here—not here."

"We must have those guns," Graham repeated. "We must have those guns." He scarcely noticed the shrill bell of the neighboring Babble Machine until one of his committee-men was back with the news.

"The black police are starting," he said. "Twenty aeroplanes are starting, one after the other, from the flying-stages at Kimberley; and those from the stage at Stanley Falls, and others from Asia, are circling over the Say stage, waiting their turn. They—"

"I have it," interrupted Graham, gesticulating. "One thing, at any rate—get men who can shoot well. They must push across the roof-spaces towards the delivery end of the stages; pick off Ostrog's aeronauts if they attempt to start. Get that done now. See that is done now. Telephone to the nearest centre, and send these men at once."

He continued pacing excitedly. "As for those aeroplanes! There is only one thing. We must capture the flying-stages. We must capture those flying-stages before they get here. Tell me—are the people getting in order? Once the aeropiles are launched they can ruin the city. Every moment is vital."

And then, to exasperate his gathering impatience, came delay, the inevitable pause before the battle began. There came no news from the foundries of Ostrog's lost guns, no news of the starting of the sharpshooters. His shadow went to and fro, to and fro, as the dilatory news of concentration came trickling to him. He wondered why Helen did not come to him; wondered where she might be in that labyrinthine city. Did she know what he was doing? He asked himself what he was doing. Suddenly he remembered his intention of a proclamation to the world. It might be advisable to make that before the battle joined. Of course it was absolutely necessary. Something stirring was needed, something Napoleonic. For a time he paced, meditating exuberant phrases; then he became active, announced his intention, inquired the means for its fulfilment. "There are the people abroad," he said. "The people all over the earth. I must speak to them. Speak."

The room to which Graham was taken in order to make his proclamation was grotesquely latter-day in its appointments. In the centre was a square area of gray marked out in the midst of a bright oval lit by shaded electric lights from above. The rest was in shadow, and the double finely fitting doors through which he came from the Hall of the Atlas made the place very still. The dead thud of the closing doors, the sudden cessation of the tumult in which he had been living for hours, the quivering circle of light, the whispers and quick noiseless movements of vaguely visible attendants in the shadows, had a strange effect upon Graham. For the last time came that doubt of reality, that distrust of all the fabric of space and time. Might he not be dreaming all this in Boscastle even now? The huge ears of a phonographic mechanism gaped in a battery for his words, the black eyes of great photographic cameras awaiting his beginning; beyond, metal rods and coils glittered dimly, and something spun with a droning hum. He walked into the centre of the square, and his shadow drew together black and sharp to a little blot at his feet.

Now some such occasion as this he had been prepared for; the vague shape of the thing he meant to say, the thing he meant to do, was in his mind. But this silence, this isolation, the sudden withdrawal from that contagious crowd, this silent audience, and these gaping, glaring machines had not been in his anticipation. For a while he was paralyzed, incompetent. He feared to be inadequate; he feared to be theatrical; he feared the quality of his voice, the quality of his wit. He turned to the man in yellow with a gesture. "For a moment," he said, "I must wait. And meanwhile—what is being done beyond there? Are the people getting into order? Have they arms? Are they marching?"

While he was still hearing the answer of the man in yellow, there came an agitated messenger with news that an aeroplane was passing over Arawan.

"Arawan?" he said. "Where is that? But anyhow they are coming. They will be here. When?"

"Before night."

"Great God! In only a few hours. What news of the flying-stages?" he asked.

"The people of the southwest wards are marching."

"Marching!"

He turned impatiently to the blank circles of the lenses again.

"I suppose it must be a sort of speech. Would to God I knew certainly the thing that should be said! And the people marching! The aeroplanes at Arawan!"

That imminence and the delay of Helen provoked an unreasonable irritation. His belief in his heroic quality and calling lost its assured conviction. The picture of a little strutting futility in a windy waste of incomprehensible destinies replaced it.

"What does it matter whether I speak well or ill?" he said, and felt the light grow brighter.

He had framed some vague sentence of democratic sentiment, when suddenly doubts, those harpies of the soul, assailed him. Abruptly it was perfectly clear to him that the logic of Ostrog was right; that his own cause was but the foolish protest of weakness against inevitable things. He thought of that swift flight of aeroplanes like the swoop of Fate towards him. His mind changed from phase to phase. In that final emergency he debated, thrust debate resolutely aside, determined at all costs to go through with the thing he had undertaken. And he could find no word to begin. Even as he stood, awkward, hesitating, with a foolish apology for his inability trembling on his lips, came the noise of many people crying out, the running to and fro of feet. "Wait," cried some one, and a door opened. "She is coming," said the voices. Graham turned, and the watching lights upon him waned.

His heart leaped. Through the open doorway he saw a gray figure advancing across a spacious hall. Behind and about her marched a riot of applause. The man in yellow came out of the nearer shadows into the circle of light.

"This is the girl who told us what Ostrog had done," he said.

It was Helen Wotton. Her face was aflame, and the heavy coils of her black hair fell about her shoulders. The folds of the soft silk robe she wore streamed from her and floated on the rhythm of her advance. She was tall and beautiful and strong. She drew nearer and nearer, and his heart was beating fast. The shadow of the doorway fell athwart her face and she was near him. He made one step to meet her. "You have not betrayed us?" she cried. "You are with us?"

"The people!" said Graham.

"I knew," she cried—"knew you were our leader. And it was I—it was I that told them. They have risen. All the world is rising. The people have awakened. You are Master still."

"You told them?" he said, and he saw that, spite of her steady eyes, her lips trembled and her throat rose and fell.

"I told them. I knew of the order. I was here. I heard that the negroes were to come to London to guard you and keep the people down—to keep you a prisoner. And I stopped them. I came out and told the people. You are Master still."

Graham glanced at the black lenses of the cameras, the vast listening ears, and back to her face. "I am Master still," he said, slowly, and the swift rush of a fleet of aeroplanes passed across his thoughts. They were coming, coming.

"Master still," said a voice out of the shadows.

"And you did this? You, who are the niece of Ostrog."

"For you," she cried. "For you! That you, for whom the world has waited, should not be cheated of your power."

Graham stood for a space, wordless, regarding her. His doubts and questionings fled before her eyes. He remembered the thing that he had meant to say. He faced the cameras again, and the light about him grew brighter. He turned again towards her.

"You have saved me," he said; "you have saved my power. And the battle is beginning. God knows what this night will see—but not dishonor."

He paused. He addressed himself now to the unseen multitudes who stared upon him through those grotesque black eyes. At first he spoke slowly.

"Men and women of the new age," he said, "you have arisen to do battle for the race. To do battle for the race! There is no easy victory before us."

He stopped to gather words. The thoughts that had been in his mind before she came returned, but transfigured, no longer touched with the shadow of a possible irrelevance. "This night is a beginning," he cried. "This battle that is coming, this battle that rushes upon us to-night, is only a beginning. All your lives, it may be, you must fight. Take no thought, though I am beaten, though I am utterly overthrown."

He found the thing in his mind too vague for words. He paused momentarily, and broke into vague exhorta-

tions, and then a rush of speech came to him. Much that he said was but the humanitarian commonplace of a vanished age, but the conviction of his voice touched it to vitality. He stated the case of the old days to the people of the new age; to the woman at his side. "I come out of the past to you," he said, "with the memory of an age that hoped. My age was an age of dreams—of beginnings; an age of noble hopes. Throughout the world we had made an end of slavery; throughout the world we had spread the desire and anticipation that wars might cease, that all men and women might live nobly in freedom and peace....So we hoped in the days that are past. And what of those hopes? How is it with man after two hundred years?

"Great cities, vast powers, a collective greatness beyond our dreams. For that we did not work, and that has come. But how is it with the little lives that make up this greater life? How is it with the common lives? As it has ever been—sorrow and labor, lives cramped and unfulfilled, lives tempted by power, tempted by wealth, and gone to waste and folly. The old faiths have faded and changed, the new faith— Is there a new faith?"

Things that he had long wished to believe, he found that he believed. He spoke gustily, in broken, incomplete sentences, but with all his heart and strength, of the new faith within him. He spoke of the greatness of self-abnegation, of that immortal life of humanity in which we live and move and have our being. His voice rose and fell, and the recording appliances hummed their hurried applause; dim attendants watched him out of the shadows. Through all those doubtful places the sense of that silent spectator beside him sustained his persuasive sincerity. He felt no doubt now of his heroic quality, no doubt of his heroic words; he had it all straight and plain. At last he made an end to speaking.

"Here and now," he cried, "I make my will. All that is mine in the world I give to the people of the world. All that is mine in the world I give to the people in the world. I give it to you, and myself I give to you. For, as God wills, I will live for men, or I will die."

He ended with a florid gesture, and turned about. He found the light of his present exaltation reflected in the face of the girl. Their eyes met. They stood for one full moment apart from all the world, upborne on clouds of rhetoric, in emotional apotheosis.

The lights of the cameras flickered and fell, and the note of the armatures changed. They stood facing each other, still in the shadow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PHILIPPINE REVOLT—*Manila's Night of Terror*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

OUR troubles in Manila date from the issuing of President McKinley's proclamation. The government at Malolos made the most of that uncompromising declaration to excite the people. There had been a young man in the provost marshal's office by the name of Sandico. This clever half-caste was able, through his knowledge of the people and the country, to afford us great assistance in the city administration. He professed strong friendship for Americans, and to all appearances was an ardent annexationist. In order to propagate his views among the people, he began founding societies in the city. General Hughes became suspicious of this too friendly native, and investigated the so-called clubs. The result brought about an explanation.

"Señor Sandico, you must stop forming these clubs," said the general.

"But why?" asked Sandico, innocently.

"We know what you are about, and you must stop," answered the general.

Soon after this Sandico left Manila to join the new cabinet of Aguinaldo, and became one of the most rabid anti-Americans in the Philippines. His work in Manila had already been done; how thoroughly subsequent events proved.

The whole trend of American thought and ideas has prevented our dealing with the Filipinos effectively. I do not mean to say that American soldiers have not bullied natives; on the contrary, there has been far too much petty tyranny of this kind. But, so far as our own policy is concerned, we have been slow to interfere with the freedom of action of the natives. Whether insurgents or not, they could come and go in Manila as they wished, so long as we found no definite charge against them. Nothing could have better suited the insurrectos, who are especially clever at working underground.

When Sandico left the city he had laid the foundation for an organized army in Manila itself. Of this organization we were somewhat informed, but so long as the leaders showed no hostile intention we did not interfere with them. The muster-rolls of one regiment of this army were dug up near Tondo church by our secret police. I have seen these papers. The army is called the corps of the "Arma Blanca," or Bolo-men. On paper the organization was perfect—one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, and twelve companies commanded by three officers each. The title of this regiment was the anticipatory one of the "Victorious Regiment of Arma Blanca."

From the hour we issued the proclamation up to the present time the focus of all the insurgent movements has been in Manila itself. The plan was for the army of Aguinaldo on the outside to break our lines, while the army of Sandico in town should rise and destroy the city. There was no possible chance for the insurgents to hold Manila against our fleet. The whole purpose of their campaign must therefore have been to annihilate the American forces on land. It is easy enough to deal with an enemy in front, but when you have to deal with an enemy in your own camp, where every servant, every cab-driver, every innocent-looking native who glides barefooted along the streets, is a member of this army, the danger seems almost beyond control. Such a problem faced General Hughes. No better man could have been found for the position—cool when every one else had lost his head, a keen judge of human nature, firm though kindly, he brought to the task an unlimited capacity for hard work. Under his command he had the provost guard, consisting of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, the Second Oregon, and the Thirteenth Minnesota. The number of the enemy was to all practical purposes limited only by the number of natives in Manila. Knives they could get in spite of all vigilance, and how many rifles they had buried about the town, according to their custom, it was impossible to tell.

The provost marshal succeeded, up to February 2, in confining the organized movement in Manila to a few shooting affrays. His methods were those that befit an American gentleman. As an instance, he called up the colonel of one regiment of Arma Blanca, and said to him:

"I know your organization and your plans. Over there on the wall is a map of our lines. Look at it. Study it as long as you please. If you can do anything against us, go ahead and do it; but I warn you that if you rise I will shoot you all down like dogs, because what you intend is murder and arson."

The insurgent colonel, seeing his identity discovered, made the most of it. He walked up to the map on the wall and examined it carefully.

"You are right; we can do nothing against your lines," he acknowledged.

"Then go and tell your people so," said General Hughes.

Up to the present day not a fire has been set or a shot fired in the district where this colonel holds command. Such natives exist, but they are not those who make up the government at Malolos.

The truth is that the Block-house Battle of Manila broke out unexpectedly, on February 4. I do not mean that the insurgents were not preparing to fight us, but that they were not quite ready, especially in the city. The result was a disappointment, for the plan had been to rise inside and attack from the outside. The blow given to the Catipunan, or secretly organized militia of Sandico, was severe; but, in spite of the overwhelming defeat of the insurgent forces on the outside, the territorial militia got together on February 15. Then Sandico, minister of interior in Aguinaldo's cabinet and commander of the territorial army in Manila, issued to officers of his command the following order, than which no more openly devilish document ever came from human pen. The Sultan of Turkey before the Armenian massacres issued an order that the Armenians were to be "disciplined." I cannot give the order of Sandico verbatim, because I might by some peculiar wording betray the source of the provost marshal's information. Our government has this document, and I have been allowed to study it carefully. In effect it says that—

On February 15 the soldiers of the territorial army shall assemble in the streets of a certain district of Manila, armed with knives, revolvers, and rifles, ready for work.

Only Filipino families are to be spared and not molested. All other individuals, of whatsoever race, are to be killed without mercy, after the extermination of the American army of occupation.

Further instructions are given that the signal for the uprising in town is to be given by a general attack from the outside. The territorial militia are to rise in different districts in succession, sharpshooters to begin the work. Details of execution follow. The document ends with high-sounding phrases:

> The eyes of Europe are upon us. Success must follow if every man does his duty. Liberty or death. Let us make war without quarter on the Americans, who have betrayed us. [Signed] SANDICO.

It will be seen that this historic document orders the murder of all the foreign population of Manila. Neither women nor children were to be spared. First the United States army was to be exterminated, and then all white non-combatants—men, women, and children—were to be put to the sword. Beside this fiendish plan the night of St. Bartholomew sinks into insignificance.

The war has developed into a race war. After this let no one raise his voice to favor Aguinaldo's government or army. For be it understood that Sandico is not an ignorant savage, but a native educated in Europe—the type of what we can hope for in educating the native. There is no choice of methods. A strong military government, untempered by mercy, is the only method of dealing with this people. Up to the time I set my eyes on this document I had a great deal of sympathy with the native, however mistaken he might be in his vague ideas of liberty. To-day I understand that to them liberty means the opportunity to give unbridled license to their mad racial instincts. Let no mistaken philanthropic movement at home interfere with our government here, or many of our brave men will die in consequence. I have learned to be an ardent anti-annexationist; now, however, that we have undertaken the herculean task of establishing a stable government here, self-preservation requires, for the time being at least, an autocratic government.

On February 15 General Hughes nipped the insurgent uprising in the bud by catching 125 of the insurgent chiefs in council. This night is known to us as "Bolo night."

After that General Hughes managed to prevent any outbreak by imprisoning some of the chiefs and by winning others over to more peaceful attitudes. It was like propping up the dykes of a great river which threatened at every point to break through and drown the city. To poor civilians who know the situation it is a reign of terror. At any moment our coachman may shoot us. The boy who waits on us at table may stick a knife into us, or we may have our throats cut while sleeping. Every one carries a revolver and sleeps with one eye open. Last but not least of all, our houses of dry inflammable wood might literally in a few seconds be burning over our heads.

Yes, fire was the final resort of the territorial army. Seeing that they could not succeed in gathering, they determined to fire the town, in hopes that in the general panic they might be able to get a start. In spite of every vigilance, an unforeseen event hastened the calamity.

On the night of Washington's birthday a fire broke out in the Santa Cruz district. This fire burned a large number of houses belonging to rich Filipinos who had not thrown their lot in with the revolutionists. With a strong wind blowing towards the Escolta, the business street of Manila, it was a hard fire to stop. The regular fire department, manned by natives, proved inefficient, and American soldiers soon voluntarily dropped in and took their places. The English and German volunteer engine did excellent work. Some one kept cutting the hose. The firemen were suspected. At last a soldier caught a Malay bending over the hose and prodding it with a large knife. The soldier, bringing his rifle down with a violent blow, broke the native's neck.

Filipino men and women and Chinamen, bending under heavy loads of clothes and furniture, staggered along the streets. Business men watched with anxiety the progress of the fire towards their property. Platoons of soldiers, their arms stacked, stood at street corners ready to quell any uprising. At a corner, with the flames blowing towards him from the blazing block of buildings across the narrow street, an American tar from the *Olympia* held the hose. Sometimes he was helped by a few soldiers, sometimes by civilians, but nobody except the sailor seemed to be able to bear the heat for any length of time. He stood his ground, determined that the fire should not cross that narrow street; and, in fact, the fire did not cross that street. Soon the fire was under control and we all started for home.

Hardly had we reached our houses when a fresh fire broke out, this time in Tondo district. Our feeling may be imagined when we heard musketry fire in that direction. Tondo is a native district on the north of Manila, next to the sea. It is cut off from the main part of the city by a broad street, the Calle Iris. The tall spires and massive walls of Tondo church, surrounded by a high wall, and a stone building used by us as a police station in this district, break the monotony of thousands of nipa huts. These huts go up in flames very much as a barn full of hay does at home. It seems that about five hundred insurgent soldiers had gotten through our lines into the Tondo district without our knowledge. It is supposed that they filtered in through the swamps near the sea on General MacArthur's left wing.

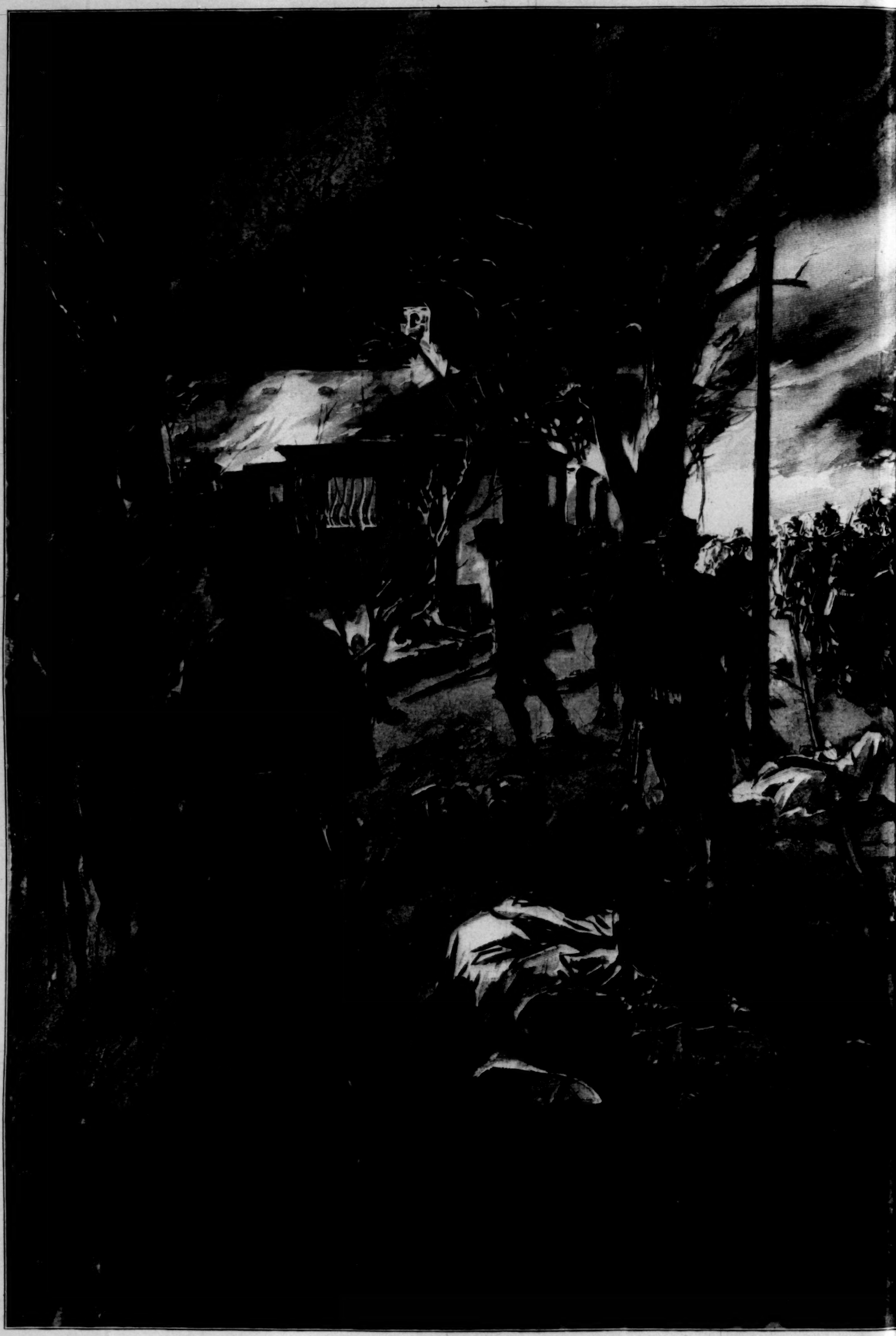
There was one company of the Minnesota regiment in the police station at Tondo, and General Hughes had placed another in Tondo church to meet any emergency, for this district was a hot-bed of the Catipunan, or secret territorial militia. The orders were that in case of an uprising the two companies should unite on the Calle Iris.

The first intimation that we had of the presence of any insurgent troops in town was the Tondo fire and a fierce attack on the police station. The intention was plain enough. The fire was to drive the company of Minnesota men out of their barracks, after which the insurgents expected to finish them off. As the fire broke out, the insurgent bugles rang long and loud in the city itself, as if sounding a charge. The company in the church joined one platoon from the police station on Calle Iris, but they lost several men wounded in so doing. One platoon of the Minnesota remained. The insurgents, seeing that the fire did not drive out the Americans, tried to rush the station. A guard was standing at the gate. He did not have time to raise his rifle to his shoulder, but stuck it through the bars into an insurgent's face, and pulling the trigger, blew the man's head off.

The insurgents next tried the garden wall, but were met with a sharp fire which prevented their climbing over. The walls of that police station are dotted with bullet-marks. The danger was that this platoon, alone in the midst of insurgents and a terrific fire, would get badly roasted, but the high garden walls protected them.

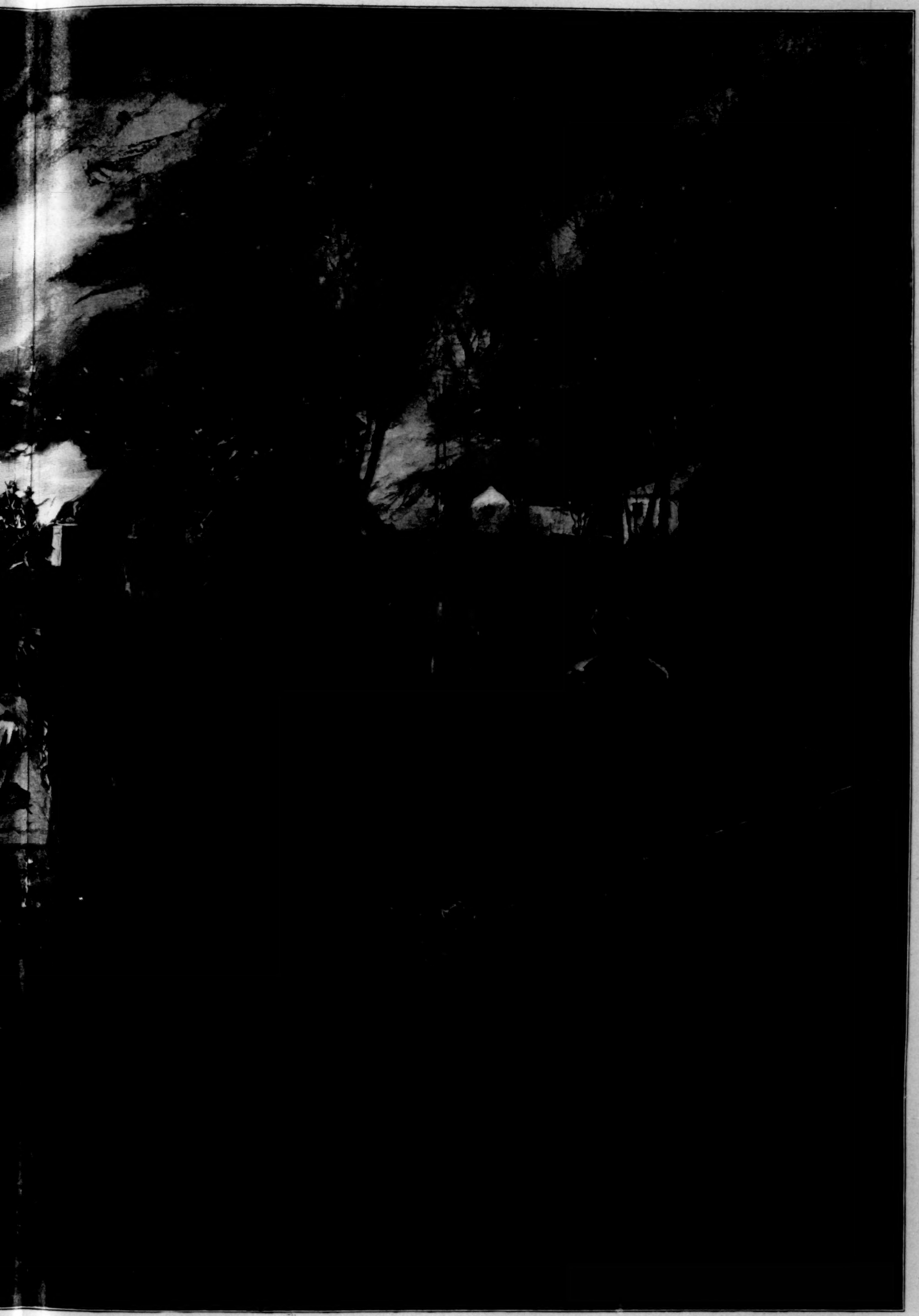
Soon re-enforcements arrived—two companies of the Second Oregon and two of the Twenty-third United States Infantry. They lined out along the Calle Iris in ditches, and also at right angles to the road skirting the fire. A thousand nipa huts burning is a terrible and magnificent sight. The fire leaped, rolled, and roared in giant waves of flame, which sent rhythmic pulsations of heat even across the Calle Iris. To add to the general hubbub, every joint in the bamboo huts burst with the sharp report of a rifle. This imitation rifle-fire was accompanied by the sound of real shots. Bullets whistled this way and that. One knew not exactly from what direction they came. Now they seemed to come from behind a nipa hut, now from the window of a burning house. It was an occasion to try the coolest man, and, from what I saw of our troops, it seems to me that our soldiers kept their heads. It was a wonder that in the night-time, with unseen enemies on every side, a panic did not overtake the town, and that companies of our men did not shoot into one another promiscuously. A few of our men were no doubt wounded by their comrades, but the wonder is that numbers of them were not killed on Wednesday night.

From the Calle Iris the troops lay watching the fire. Shots still came from the burning district. Our soldiers carefully returned the fire. The flames advancing, drove before them a crowd of women and children carrying bundles of what they had been able to save from the fire. They moaned and chattered in fright, and begged us for mercy. Along with this crowd came a number of men half naked, who probably a few minutes before had been firing into our ranks. No doubt, according to their custom, they had thrown away their insurgent uniforms and now sought our protection. How could we tell who they were? We allowed them to pass our lines into the city.



MANILA—THE AMMUNITION-TRAIN AND RESERVES OF THE 20TH KANSAS VOLUNTEER
THE BATTLE OF FEBRUARY 10—THE TO

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL AR



EERS, COLONEL FREDERICK FUNSTON, MARCHING THROUGH CALOOCAN AT NIGHT AFTER TOWN WAS TOTALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

On the fire came, with flaming tongues, and hoarse, threatening roar. Driven by the wind, would it cross the Calle Iris? For some minutes the issue hung in the balance; then the fire died down a little. It was not going to cross.

Suddenly, one hundred yards back of the troops, towards the centre of the city, the filthy little booths of the Binondo market burst into flames. The Chinamen of the district turned to and tried to stop this new fire by tearing down the booths. They were shot at from the houses in the neighborhood, but kept at work, running to and fro, tearing off boards, and taking them out of the way of the flames. Our guards tried to protect these Celestials at their work by firing into the houses where the shots seemed to come from. I say seemed, for the Mauser gave no flash in the night. Over these hurrying and excited men at work in the market-place the great flames threw their yellow light, and cast long moving fantastic shadows everywhere. Gradually the shooting ceased, and the insurgents withdrew to Tondo bridge, which they held until the following day. The fire continued to burn, but finally subsided towards morning. As for our provost guard, they remained on guard watching through the night.

This was the night of terror, when a large army surrounded our lines, when it was known that the mass of the population were enlisted against us. With three great fires started in succession, with shots from unseen enemies whistling on every side, with the insurgent bugle blowing in our very midst, we had only one brigade of three regiments to keep order. From our lines about the city, already too thin on account of the length of our cordon, there was no hope of re-enforcements, for every soldier was needed to hold the line. It was therefore the provost guard against a city full of hostile natives, besides the five hundred insurgents who had crept around our lines and were in the rear of General MacArthur's division—that is to say, between our army and the city. All honor to the men who did their duty so well. Thirteen of them were wounded, but the daylight was at hand, when retribution was possible.

Next day the provost marshal made up his mind to clean the five hundred insurgents out of Tondo. Along the three parallel roads in Tondo the insurgents had built barricades. Their particular stronghold was at Tondo bridge. This bridge is higher in the middle than at the two ends. By placing a stone breastwork at the highest point the insurgents made a strong defensive work. Along the road from Tondo to Malabon the enemy had also possession of the houses, from the windows of which they kept the road clear. On either side of the road the ground is wet and swampy. Behind the high dykes built to hold in the water, native soldiers lay to prevent any flanking movement. To add to the difficulty of our advance in the still unburned district held by the insurgents, nipa huts lined the road, squatted on the dykes, and covered the fields, furnishing shelter for insurgent sharpshooters.

Three companies of Minnesota, three of Oregon, and a battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry, under the command of Major Goodale, started out to clear the country between the city and General MacArthur's division. The artillery could not be used, for fear of shooting into our lines two miles beyond the little insurgent band, and for the same reason our rifle-fire had to be very guarded. A few skirmishers were thrown out in front. They scurried along, hugging the sides of the buildings and seeking protection behind walls. The bullets came hissing down the street; some struck the walls and went ricochetting viciously from side to side of the street. The forces advanced in three columns down the three streets of Tondo. I followed the battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry down the street that led to the Tondo bridge. A platoon of the Oregon regiment had dashed forward, and taking the first barricade, lay close to the ground, while the enemy retired to the bridge. On the right of the road a dense mass of nipa huts covered the ground.

"Take your company and go through there, burning the huts back of you," ordered Major Goodale.

Lieutenant Stritzinger threw his company among the houses. There were a few shots here and there, but soon these were silenced, and the district was in flames back of us. On the right of the road were some larger buildings, evidently the houses of rich Filipinos. With a squad of men I went through them. The insurgents had ransacked them thoroughly. Furniture in a heap lay at the foot of the stairs, mirrors were broken, chests burst open, fine dresses and laces strewn about the place, and broken china along the floor gave uncertain footing. In the yard the horses set loose were whinnying as the bullets rang through the tin roof. In the basement, in a dark room into which one of the soldiers broke, we found about fifty Filipinos. The men, hiding under mattings and furniture, were mostly in their under-clothes, their insurgent uniforms being tucked away in dark corners. The women with their children burst into howls of lamentations as they saw us enter, and dragged themselves at our feet. Before this unexpected assault of frantic supplication we beat a hasty retreat, and joined the firing-line.

Lieutenant Stritzinger's company on the right of the road was now ahead of the barricade we held. The enemy still held the bridge, and their sharpshooters on the right behind the dykes swept the approach to the bridge. There was only one thing to be done—move a company still further to the right and flank the sharpshooters behind the dykes.

Lieutenant Stritzinger waited for orders, but the major was busy on the left.

"Column right," shouted the lieutenant. We marched along a narrow path, and wading a stream, came into another village of nipa huts. Ping! came the bullets crashing through the bamboo.

"Steady there, men. A little more to the right. Go ahead slowly. Don't shoot unless you see something to shoot at," called the lieutenant.

Every hut was set on fire as we passed by. We let loose the dogs which were tied to the houses, to prevent them from roasting. Sometimes we would run upon a whole family cowering behind a hut. All these people were promptly sent to the rear. They all moaned and crouched before us as if they expected to be shot. We came to a large building where evidently insurgent soldiers had slept the day before. Uniforms were thrown about. A little further, and we should be far enough advanced to pour a flanking fire into the sharpshooters who were near the bridge. Directly ahead there seemed to be a rather strong insurgent force, who from earth-works pumped bullets in our direction incessantly. A few of our men were sent in advance. One of these was shot in the chest, and lived only a few seconds. A second was shot in the wrist, and as he sat down to bind up his wound he was shot again, this time through the calf, and almost immediately once more, through the thigh, shattering the bone.

"It doesn't matter," he groaned; "I got two of them."

We were very near the fellows behind the dykes now—not more than forty yards from two of them. They were not in insurgent uniform, but in white. One could see a straw hat and white shoulders rise above the dyke, then a rifle would crack, and the head and shoulders would disappear again. Our men took shots at these insurgents. They got both on the second shot, and the two insurgents fell back with a splash in the water. At this point a young man dressed in spick-and-span white clothes—he had evidently just changed his suit—rushed out of a house and threw his arms around my legs. The violence of the action nearly threw me to the ground. The man appeared to be frantic with fear, like all the rest of the natives, and evidently thought we would shoot him. About five hundred of these suppliant insurgents were taken prisoners that day.

So far we have not succeeded in catching a single insurrecto, such is the rapid metamorphosis of the rebel into the peaceful citizen.

Soon the left of the insurgent line was dislodged, and the main body near the bridge deserted their barricades, and ran for the brush towards the shore. Our company moved across the dykes to join the main body of the battalion on the bridge. On the way we counted nine dead Filipinos. One man lay flat in the swamp, his face buried in the mud. A soldier saw him move a little, and lifting him up, discovered that the man did not have a scratch. He was merely shamming. The native, covered with a plaster of blue-gray mud, ran about, kneeling with folded hands to every American he met, until some one, taking pity on him, made him wash his face and sent him to the rear. A few bullets still kicked up the dust about the bridge, but the fighting at our end of the line was over. The insurgents were evidently bent on escaping the same way they came in, for they made off in the direction of the swamps on the sea-shore near Malabon, at the left of General MacArthur's division. Some of our troops pursued them. When the remains of the insurgent forces reached the swamps, they were on open ground in full sight of the *Callao*, and she picked them off with her machine-guns. Five insurgents stuck in the mud gave the gunners ample time to get good aim. Further out in the bay the *Monadnock* sent several large shells to hasten the insurgents on their way.

How many the enemy lost it is impossible to tell. The conservative estimate is one hundred; the highest, five hundred. On returning, we heard with regret that two Englishmen had been shot in Tondo. They were inside the insurgent lines, and foolishly were looking out of the window watching the fight.

That day the insurgents had been picking at our lines from the outside. Indeed, the firing was rather severe opposite our lines at Caloocan. Our total loss was five killed and thirty wounded.

There is a point of land extending from Malabon towards Manila, and cut from the mainland by swamps and tide-water. At this point the insurgents got into Tondo. It never occurred to us that, after the drubbing we had given them, a large number of insurgents would dare to come around our lines in this way. It was an act of reckless bravery, and shows that the insurgents are not afraid of facing death.

In the Tondo fight I believe that at least two hundred were killed. Navy officers watching the shore from Tondo to Malabon assure me that between five hundred and one thousand armed insurgents tried to get back to Malabon through the swamps. It looks as if at least five hundred insurgents had crept past our lines at one time and another. Here was a body of men who put themselves voluntarily between our fighting-line and the city, knowing that they were bound to be crushed, either by a force still remaining in the city or by a combined attack from our fighting-line and the provost guard. With this fate staring them in the face they did not lose their heads, but fortified their position to the best of their ability. This they did by throwing up in one night a series of barricades which, from a military stand-point, were as well placed as possible. The two roads approaching the bridge of Tondo and the bridge itself were so fortified that, from whichever way the attack came, the insurgents would find protection. The only prospect of success for this band lay in the hopes that we would be obliged to draw from our trenches at Caloocan such a number of men that an attack from without would break the line. When the time came to fight, many of the insurgents stuck to their position with persistence, but the very same men who conceived and executed so daring a plan, when once cornered by our provost guard, actually hid their rifles, and rushing out, kneeled, as if in abject terror, before every American soldier they met.

I cannot help mentioning here the accounts of the battle of the 5th of February sent by Filipinos to Hong-kong papers. These accounts are such a mixture of truth and falsehood that I have no doubt the world at large is under the impression that American sensational journals, combined with the judicious clippings of the censor, have exaggerated the American successes and belittled American losses. One of the Filipino accounts, after stating with reasonable accuracy the military movements, goes on to say that all the public buildings in Manila are filled with American dead and wounded. Here is another instance of Filipino cunning, whose main purpose is to deceive, whether or not any benefit accrues from such deceit. That we have massacred women and children, as this letter reports, is utterly false. A very few non-combatants among the many who remained between the fighting-lines were killed. Indeed, the same account estimates the Filipino dead after the first battle at six hundred. While I think the estimate is small, it is not unreasonable. A fair estimate of the insurgent loss up to the present time is about eighteen hundred.

Since our first move forward, of the week beginning February 5, we have been satisfied to hold our positions and intrench them strongly. The reason for this inactivity is apparent. It is impossible to continue indefinitely stretching out our line. This line, which now extends for twenty miles about the city, is of necessity very thin. We have troops in Cavite, Ilo Ilo, Negros, and Cebu. The present plan of campaign cannot be aggressively continued without more men, and from day to day we await with anxiety the arrival of all the remaining troops destined for the Philippines. When these re-enforcements arrive, no doubt, columns will be sent out into the interior. It is evident to everybody here that at home they are underestimating the number of troops necessary to establish a stable military government in the islands. Experts say fifty thousand men are needed in Luzon alone.

As it now stands, the insurgents, assured that we will make no immediate move forward, are hunting for weak points along our lines and planning devilment in Manila itself. This they have done to perfection. About the plots in the city and the terrible fires I have already written. Around our cordon they have adopted the harassing methods of guerilla warfare. During the night they fire from time to time in such a way that neither our soldiers nor our officers get much sleep, and they manage to kill or wound a few of our men every day. In about two months the wet season will be upon us. Then it will be impossible to move troops in the interior, and the campaign will have to be abandoned until next fall. It is to be hoped, therefore, that nothing will happen to prevent an aggressive campaign as soon as our fresh troops arrive.

March 9, 1899.

The Taking of Ilo Ilo

DESCRIBED BY AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

February 12, 1899.

THE news of the evacuation of Ilo Ilo by the Spanish reached Manila about the 23d of December. Immediately orders were given to form an expedition of our forces to occupy the place. This expedition—composed of the Eighteenth Infantry on board the *Arizona*, the Fifty-first Iowa on board the *Pennsylvania*, and a battery of the Sixth Artillery on board the *Newport*, all under command of Brigadier-General Marcus P. Miller—sailed from Manila at midnight, December 26, convoyed by the *Baltimore*.

The expedition reached Ilo Ilo on the morning of the 28th, and preparations were made for landing the forces; some delay occurring, the insurgents informed us that in case there was an attempt to land, the landing would be opposed by the native troops. As the orders to the expedition did not contemplate such a condition of affairs, the landing was postponed until further instructions could be obtained from Manila. When this news reached Manila the *Petrel* was sent to Ilo Ilo, arriving the morning of January 6; but nothing was done towards taking the place, as orders had come from Washington to do nothing to bring on a rupture with the insurgents pending the ratification of the treaty of peace. The ships simply lay there in the harbor menacing the town. The insurgents allowed the army officers to land, thus giving them opportunity to obtain information as to the number of men and the defences of the city. About the 10th of January the insurgents sunk three lighters in the entrance to the river, thus partially obstructing the channel, so as to allow only small steamers to pass. During the last week in January the *Pennsylvania* was sent back to Manila, as the Iowa regiment had not been on shore since it left San Francisco, some three months before.

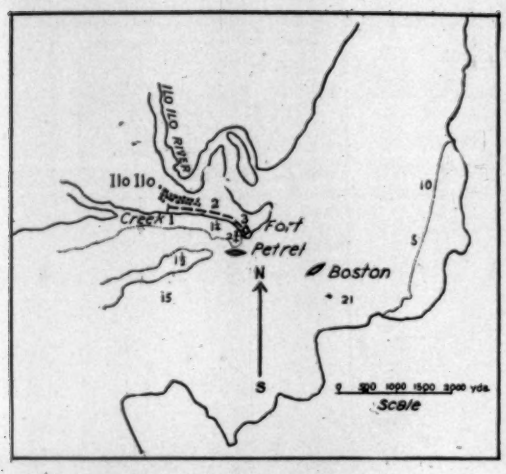
On February 8 the *Boston* arrived from Manila to relieve the *Baltimore*, which left the same afternoon for Manila. The *Boston* had left Manila on the 6th, the day after the battle of Manila, bringing us the first news of the rupture with the insurgents.

Friday morning, February 10, the army despatch boat *Butuan* arrived with word that the *St. Paul*, with the Tennessee regiment on board, would arrive in a few hours, and that as soon as she arrived we were to take the town. Immediately a conference was called by General Miller, which was attended by Captain Wilde of the *Boston* and Commander Cornwell of the *Petrel*. The general was inclined to give the insurgents forty-eight hours' notice to surrender, but Captains Wilde and Cornwell insisted on only twenty-four hours being given, arguing that a longer time would only give the insurgents time to perfect arrangements to burn the town, which they had already threatened to do. It was finally decided to allow them only twenty-four hours' notice, and it was sent ashore that afternoon about four o'clock. By this notice the insurgents were informed that they must surrender within twenty-four hours, otherwise we would land troops to occupy the town, and if our landing was opposed we would bombard the town. They were also told that if they burnt the town, we would burn Malo and Jaro, two native villages; also, if they attempted further to obstruct the entrance to the river, or to add to their defences, we would open fire at once.

That afternoon the *Boston* moved to an anchorage eight hundred yards east-southeast of the fort, and the *Petrel* anchored four hundred yards southwest of the fort. In these positions our ships commanded the entrance to the river, the fort, and the trenches extending from the fort along the beach to in front of the native part of the town, about one thousand yards northwest of the *Petrel's* anchorage.

That night about ten o'clock the *St. Paul* arrived. The *Plover*, a British man-of-war, came in a few hours later. The *Pigmy* was already in the harbor. Everything was ready for the taking of the town, which was set for early Sunday morning, Sunday being the fighting-day out here.

Saturday morning, about eight o'clock, the *Petrel* observed the insurgents throwing up intrenchments in front of the native town, about one thousand yards from the ship. Signal was immediately made to the *Boston*, who answered, "If certain of it, open fire on them." At three minutes past nine the *Petrel* dropped two three-pound shells among them as a warning. In a few minutes the natives opened a spasmodic fire with rifles from their trenches along the water-front. As the *Petrel* was close inshore, and the crew unprotected from rifle-fire, orders were given to open fire. The *Boston* opened at the same time, firing the first shot at thirty-five minutes past nine. The fire of the *Boston* was directed at



CITY AND HARBOR OF ILO ILO, FEBRUARY 11, 1899.

the fort and native villages back of the town, while the *Petrel* turned her attention to the fort and the trenches in front of the native town. The foreign portion of the town was spared as much as possible. After the firing began, the insurgents fired a few shots from their trenches, and attempted to send men to the trenches opposite the *Petrel*, but a few turns of the *Petrel's* Gatling put them on the run. They also attempted to bring a small field-piece into action, but the *Boston* saw them, and a well-directed shot from one of her six-inch guns convinced them this was not a wise move. The fort was unoccupied, and was riddled by the fire from both ships. During the first part of the firing four insurgent generals—all insurgents are generals—were seen bravely riding down towards the fort, but a few minutes afterwards three of the horses were seen going back riderless. What became of the generals is a mystery. They probably wore the buttons off their blouses skating back to the town.

As soon as we opened fire the insurgents began setting fire to the town, the first house fired being an American storehouse. In a few minutes the town was afire in five or six places, and it burnt all that day and night, destroying the English, American, and German consulates, several residences and warehouses, a large portion of the business part, and the native and Chinese quarters. The next day, after the army had occupied the place, the Custom House and a large warehouse were burnt. Most of the foreign residence part was untouched.

We ceased firing at 10.20, and as the army had as yet made no motion towards landing, the *Boston* signalled General Miller, "Why don't you land troops?" This was answered by, "If you wish troops landed, send a steam-launch to tow boats ashore." Yet there had been three launches hired especially for landing troops. The *Boston* then signalled the *Petrel* to land men, and prepared her own landing-party for going ashore. The *Boston* sent forty-eight men and a Gatling gun in charge of Lieutenant Niblack and Ensign Everhart, while the *Petrel* sent thirty men in charge of Lieutenant Plunkett. The *Boston's* party was the first to land, at 11.20, the *Petrel's* party landing two minutes later. The party from the *Boston* immediately took the fort, hauling down the Filipino flag, which was still flying, and hoisting the stars and stripes at 11.25, amid the cheers from the ships. The landing-parties immediately advanced towards the town, the *Boston's* party occupying it and hoisting the American flag over the city at 12.30.

During this time the *St. Paul* had moved close in to the fort, and at noon the first troops from the Tennessee regiment were landed in the ship's boats. The *Arizona* then moved in, and by six that afternoon all the troops had been landed. The army immediately after landing marched into the town, and as far as the Malo and Jaro bridges, the insurgents having retired to these villages.

One report has it that the action was brought on prematurely by the navy; but we had threatened that if we found the insurgents adding to their defences we would open fire at once, and the threat had to be kept. As it is, we have told the natives so many things that we have not carried out that they think we believe more in mañana than do the Spanish. There is no doubt that it was for the best as it happened, for one of the English captains is authority for a rumor that the insurgents were perfecting arrangements for burning the whole town when we opened fire. The only thing to be regretted is that the foreigners, women, and children did not have a long enough chance to get out of the town, though most of the foreigners had left the night before, going aboard the ships in the harbor; and, so far as can be learned, none of those remaining in the town were hurt, but they were thoroughly frightened.

To show what accurate information we had concerning the defences and forces of the place, it is only necessary to say that General Miller was heard to tell the colonel of the Tennessee regiment, the night before, that there was going to be a good fight, as he would have to fight three for one, there being 5000 men armed with rifles and 16,000 armed with bolos and machetes. Yet the town was captured with forty-eight men, as the *Petrel's* landing-party did not enter the town. To us the whole thing partook of the nature of an opera-bouffe, though it was terribly earnest to the other side, and to those who were left homeless by the fire.

Our hardest work was suppressing the looting of the town. The only man wounded during the day was a seaman in the *Boston's* party, who was shot in the heel by a looter. The doctor who accompanied the party had filled his canteen with brandy-and-water before leaving the ship, so he gave the man a drink from it, and then knelt down with his back to the man's face to examine the wound. While he was dressing the wound the man saw his opportunity and emptied the canteen. When he was taken on board ship he had to be carried, but it was not due to the wound.

One of the "nerviest" things of the day was a Filipino who in the afternoon, even after the army had occupied the place, began firing at the *Petrel* with a rifle from one of the houses about five hundred yards from the ship. As his shots were falling close to the ship, a landing-party had to be sent ashore to drive him out, but they did not succeed in capturing him.

LONDON

April 1, 1899.

THE rising of Parliament for its Easter holiday hangs up for a fortnight the petty political questions which have engaged the attention of the House of Commons during the first portion of the session. During the recess there is much discussion in country houses on the fact that the government, being now in its fifth year of office, is incited by certain influential Unionists to dissolve in the autumn. Although this course would be extremely unpopular among members of Parliament, there is something to be said for it from the government point of view. Every administration loses supporters from the day of its accession to power. Lord Salisbury's ministry is no exception to this rule. I have reason to know that the party managers estimate that a loss of forty seats would be sustained by the government, or eighty votes on a division, if an appeal were made to the country at the present time. The dry-rot that impairs the strength of all ministries as they pass their meridian of life is not likely to exempt the present government from its effects. It is remembered, moreover, that during the last fifty years an appeal to the country has almost invariably led to the substitution of the Opposition for the government of the day. In 1852 the Earl of Aberdeen succeeded the Earl of Derby. In 1857 Lord Derby succeeded Lord Palmerston, and the latter again succeeded his rival after the dissolution of 1859. In 1866, after Lord Palmerston's death, Lord Derby again replaced the Whig Earl Russell, while in 1868 Mr. Gladstone formed his first ministry in succession to that of Mr. Disraeli. In 1874 the Tories again acceded to power, and were displaced by the Liberals in 1880. In 1886 Lord Salisbury was succeeded by Mr. Gladstone, who was ejected from power the same year, having reigned only one hundred and seventy-eight days. Lord Salisbury was Premier for six years, when, on a fresh appeal to the country, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery presided over the fortunes of the Radicals for three years, when, in 1895, Lord Salisbury once more returned to power. If this story conveys any lesson at all, it is that if Lord Salisbury waits until June, 1901, for a general election, the Unionists will be beaten, and the Irish question will break out anew.

If, however, a dissolution were held next autumn on the strength of peace, national prosperity, a reasonably good budget, and a fair harvest, it is possible that the Unionists might again be returned to power. The loss of forty seats would still give them a Parliamentary majority of between sixty and seventy over the Radicals and Irish combined. The temptation, however, to use to the full extent the provisions of the Septennial Act will probably prove irresistible. Then, again, the reduction of the Irish representation by twenty seats is a step strongly pressed on the government by an influential section of the House of Commons. Members of Parliament find the cost of winning and holding their seats an increasing burden, and nothing is more objectionable to the average Parliamentarian than a general election. The advice of the party managers, therefore, will probably be overridden by opportunist counsels, although, as I have before hinted, ministerial changes are in contemplation which cannot be indefinitely postponed.

MR. RHODES'S return to London from Berlin, after a series of interviews with the Kaiser, has created fresh interest in the Cape to Cairo scheme of railway associated with his name. It cannot be said that commercial or expert railway opinion is by any means unanimous in its favor. On the contrary, I find that some of the ablest and most far-seeing persons with whom I have consulted regard the Central African railway scheme as not only commercially impracticable, but as positively hurtful to British interests. The negotiations in which Mr. Rhodes has been engaged in Berlin, while they have encouraged his supporters, have developed opposition at home among influential people who have hitherto been silent. It is contended that Mr. Rhodes's scheme is based on an erroneous economic conception. The proposed line or series of lines from Cape Town to Cairo runs parallel with a couple of ocean routes, and it is contended, with reason, that the sea route will permanently command the traffic in passengers and goods; while for safety and comfort, not to speak of speed, the ocean steamer is infinitely preferable to a narrow-gauge saloon-carriage running to and fro across the equator. The experts referred to contend that the proper method of developing the resources of any particular region in Africa or any other continent is to establish immediate communication with the coast. The example of America, for instance, shows that while five transcontinental lines were necessary, no use has yet been found for a main line running from north to south through the centre of the continent.

It is further contended that if Mr. Rhodes's negotiations with the German government come to anything, the British line from the Victoria Nyanza to the coast of Mombasa will be robbed of a very material part of its traffic by the German line to the coast at Dar-es-Salaam—a line which would probably not be built at all—at all events, for many years—if it were not for the plans and proposals Mr. Rhodes has laid before the Kaiser. These are the considerations which have been submitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by well-informed and influential people, and the hesitation shown in granting the desired guarantee to the Rhodesian scheme of the Cape to Cairo Railway is regarded as eloquent of the doubts the government entertain as to the economic soundness of the plan. Furthermore, almost everything commercial in Africa is now in the hands of trusts and powerful combinations of companies, and a strong disinclination is felt by the income-tax payer to being pledged to a guarantee, the liability for which will remain after Mr. Rhodes's genius and energy have disappeared from the scene, and from which no profit will accrue to the present generation.

NO accurate description of English life to-day can ignore the influenza epidemic. Cablegrams report when the great lights of politics and society are laid low, poor things; but they at least have everything that skill and money can provide, and somehow the world drags along during their temporary eclipse. Middle and working class families are the principal sufferers. This year the infection is not of a virulent type, but what it lacks in intensity it makes up in volume. Thousands of families whose woes never reach the newspapers are now the victims of the scourge to an unheard-of extent. The servant difficulty—I am informed, owing to the influenza—has never before proved so intractable. Ladies scarcely able to drag one foot after another are cooking for their sick servants and themselves, while "the chores" are done anyhow or left undone. Whole families are struck down with the disease, and the misery caused by the present outbreak is widespread and tragical. Influenza and the lack of servants are subjects that fill more minds at the present time than Samoa, China, France, or the domestic policy of the government. This servant question approaches a crisis. When education became general and compulsory it was obvious that before very long the taste for domestic service would decline, and that young women with views of life expanded by the Board Schools and the cheap press would take a leaf out of the book of their American sisters, and decline domestic service so long as a subsistence is obtainable from sources not involving the stigma of menial work.

I HAVE taken some pains to get at the facts of the case, and find that the distaste for menial service—the consequences of which are accentuated by the influenza—has extended from women to men. The managing committees of nearly every club in London find themselves unable to obtain trustworthy, clean, and civil English servants on any terms. In large private establishments—such as that of a wealthy peer who still maintains some measure of state—service is often hereditary; but in the great bulk of the middle-class families, employing from one to four or five domestics, vacant appointments are scarcely to be filled at any price. Women of the middle classes have not yet recognized that the march of triumphant democracy has created new conceptions of life among working-girls, and obliterated old class distinctions between them and their employers to an extent little dreamed of by the authors of the extended suffrage and of free and compulsory education. There can be little doubt that the want of servants will lead to considerable social changes in the near future. Already enormous block buildings of flats are being run up wherever there is a vacant site in London, and thousands of people gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of diminishing their household cares at the sacrifice of privacy and comfort. It is probable that the changes will go farther. A fairly well-to-do middle-class street in the West or North of London may contain a hundred private houses, requiring a hundred cooks, a hundred house-maids, and a hundred nurses. The impossibility of procuring ministering angels in sufficient quantity has already enormously increased the resort of the male inhabitants of villadom to club life, and it is to this cause more than to any other that both men's and women's clubs are increasing at a rate which would have made our fathers and mothers gasp and stare.

THE pleasant Italian system, also in vogue in Paris, of having meals sent in from restaurant or trattoria has not yet taken root, though many people with Continental experience have introduced the custom of importing their meals by means of a Norwegian kitchen. The possibility of employing Chinese on a large scale is being broached. More excellent servants do not exist, but the evils that would ensue from an invasion of Chinese domestics are not understood in this country. The only hope for the middle-class house-mother, therefore, seems to lie in the direction of cheapened power. For twenty years experiments with electricity have mocked the hopes of educated people of narrow means. Mr. Charles Tripler's experiments on liquid air, however, seem to promise something like a revolution in the production of power, the cheapening of transport, the abolition of coal as a source of energy, and the amelioration of life generally. American families throughout the length and breadth of the States are acquainted with the servant difficulty, and can smile at the troubles that are beginning to cast a shadow upon the family life of England. The conservatism, the insularity, and deliberation of the British housewife make her rebel against the operation of natural law in checking the production of servants.

IF the problem of expansion in the United States has raised questions as to the efficiency of the Executive in Washington, it should not be forgotten that the English people are also heavily burdened with weak and inefficient administration at headquarters. The difficulties experienced by General Otis in the Philippines are substantially the same as those that existed in Burmah at the close of the last war. Years passed before the country was effectually pacified. Full power was given to the man on the spot, and the work was well done. In Uganda, however, from whence serious news continues to pour in, full power was not given to the man on the spot, but was retained by the clerks in the Foreign Office, who are responsible for British administration in that distant country. Private news concerning Uganda continues to arrive, and it is of a disheartening and sinister kind, and the immediate prospects of the future are not improved by the unwillingness of the Foreign Office officials to receive information. A gentleman who for nearly three years has been engaged in the administration of an important province in Uganda, but who had thrown up his appointment from sheer weariness of the ineptitude of the administration from Downing Street, on returning to England a few days ago thought it his duty to proceed to the Foreign Office and see the particular "wearied Titan" responsible for the conduct of African affairs. In describing the interview to a friend, the Uganda man said that he had not been in the room of the Foreign Office official for more than sixty seconds when he discovered, not only that the bureaucrat knew all that was necessary about the affairs of Uganda, but that he resented any attempt to impart information of a nature that told against the Foreign Office conception as to what the news from Uganda ought to be.

ARNOLD WHITE.

The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

PROBABLY the greatest surprise that thousands of persons found, when they flocked to Havana in the first sixty days of American military control, was clean streets. I have said that they were as clean as those of New York city under Tammany control. On bright sunshiny days they seemed even cleaner than New York streets. On rainy days they were not so clean as the streets of New York in wet weather. The reason was that there is no

MERCADERAS STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM EMPEDRADO.

foundation for the paving-stones in the streets of Havana. When hard traffic jolts over the square ungainly paving-stones of the city on a rainy day, the black mud, poisoned with the filth and disease germs of decades and even centuries, exudes between the stones, and the streets become black with dirt, just a trifle blacker and thicker than the black mud of lower New York streets when street-cleaning becomes largely a matter of politics—that is, part of the game of getting money out of a public treasury without giving an equivalent. The rain over and the sun shining, Havana's streets under American military rule become as clean as those of any city in the United States.

When the Americans took actual charge of the city, however, the streets were filthy. Dead animals abounded, garbage was encountered everywhere, gutters were foul, and open mouths of sewers running into the ocean or into the harbor were reeking. Nauseating odors filled the air, and the condition of the public buildings was such that the American army officers practically refused to occupy them. To illustrate the frightful condition of the public buildings, let me say that in one of the rooms of the Fuerza Castle, occupied by the civil guard, and in the group of public buildings of which the captain-general's palace was the chief, the bodies of no less than fifteen dead cats and dogs were found. These animals had not died of starvation. They had strayed into this room in their search for food, and had died of the foul atmosphere. A candle would not burn in the place. Thirty-two cart-loads of dirt were taken from the palace of the governor of Havana province. The condition of the captain-general's palace was such that General Brooke would not occupy it, and he went out to a suburb called Vedado, where he and his staff and office help occupied the building in which the Evacuation Commissioners held their sessions.

Major-General Francis V. Greene, who was in charge of Havana when the Spanish forces evacuated, began the preliminary work of cleaning the town; and General Ludlow, who succeeded him, with larger opportunity and a wider scope, carried it on so that within thirty days, and even less, Havana became clean in outward appearance. General Ludlow was charged, in the order assigning him to duty in Havana, with caring for the collection and disbursement of the city revenues, with forming a police force, with providing a sanitation scheme, and also with the general government of the place, under regulations provided by the President. It was in obedience to these instructions that the general burned the midnight oil night after night. His duties were defined clearly. He formed a commission to investigate the matter of city revenue; he took up the work of forming a police force, which was well under way during General Greene's régime, under the guidance of John McCullagh, former chief of police in New York city; he divided the sanitation work into two classes, one that had to do with matters out-of-doors, and the other of which had to do with work inside buildings in the city, one of the departments being known as the department of public works, and the other the department of public health; he established food-depots to feed the starving, and then he carried on the military routine connected with his office.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Black, of the engineer corps of the volunteer army, was in charge of the public works department when General Ludlow came, and it was through the work of his department that Havana was made clean to the eye in a few weeks. Colonel Black first organized his work thoroughly. He formed various bureaus. One had to do with the cleaning and repairing of streets and with the collection of garbage; another bureau had to do with the matter of sewers and water distribution, everything pertaining to public works underground; a third bureau was for the inspection of buildings, similar to such bureaus in most of our large cities; a fourth had charge of temporary public work; a fifth looked after public property; and a sixth was responsible for the harbor, with the work of dredging, repairing and constructing wharves, the care of buoys and fixed beacons, as its especial duty.

The work of cleaning the streets was placed in charge of Captain W. L. Geary, son of one of Pennsylvania's famous Governors. Captain Geary is a resident of Seattle, Washington. He really began the work on December 2, 1898, and advanced with his carts and laborers as the Spaniards gradually evacuated the town. He is a quiet, methodical, determined officer, with excellent executive ability, and he went about his work in a systematic way. A careful inspection of the city and suburbs had been made. What this meant is illustrated by the following official report, of a comparatively recent date, on the condition of Casa Blanca, the little fishing-village at the end of Cabañas fortress, and directly across the harbor from the captain-general's palace:

> The streets are very narrow, overgrown with grass, and it is evident that they have never been repaired. Some are on a level with the bay, and others six or eight yards above it. There is absolutely no water-supply nor any drainage. The filthy waters are thrown into the streets or into the bay. The same may be said of every kind of garbage or organic matter. Everything is thrown into the streets, and in every place large quantities may be found. The coal deposited there (there are large coal-docks on that side of the harbor) soils the streets and houses near by. The vaults of Cabañas drain near the town, and while the Spanish troops were there the bad smell was terrible. It is not so bad now, because there are no soldiers there.
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> Almost all the houses are of wood. In the remains of some demolished buildings the Chinese have formed, with the aid of boards and rags, some miserable huts, in which a large number of them live. In one of these filthy huts I counted seventy of them. All these huts are in bad condition, without light or ventilation, and the streets serve for all private uses. Some families of reconcentrados live in a similar way. Some houses are separated by an alley, in which are placed boxes, barrels, and everything that is not useful in the houses, especially if the building is a store. On the shore are great deposits of garbage from the vessels.

Then follow in the report ten recommendations to remedy the situation. These recommendations involved the demolition of the Chinese habitations of rags and boards, the cleaning of streets, construction of gutters, purification of dwellings. The physician who made the report, a Cuban, who wrote in English, closed with these words: "It is necessary to clean the town, for it is a constant danger of infection for vessels in the bay."

The report was made on February 7, 1899. It was estimated that it would require thirty men, working three weeks, to clean up the town in part. That work doubtless has been done by the time this is written. All this shows the kind of work that was necessary in Havana. Casa Blanca was one of the worst places about the town.

Captain Geary laid out the city in districts, got the names of as many men who needed work as he could, appointed superintendents and foremen, hired carts, obtained brooms and shovels, and started in. Early in February, when the work was well under way, the report of what had been accomplished in the previous week showed that 575,000 lineal feet of streets had been cleaned, that 983 cart-loads of sweepings had been taken away, that 585 square feet of paved streets had been repaired, that 2750 square feet of macadamized streets were being repaired, and that 13 scow-loads of street refuse had been taken out to sea and dumped. In that week 650 men were at work on the streets, and the pay for the lowest of them was 83¼ cents. A great deal of work was done at night, because of the narrow streets and because of the climate. Some of the cleaners were sickly, because they

FACTORIA STREET, UNDER REPAIR.

had lacked food. These were put at the easiest kind of work, and day by day most of them showed physical improvement.

Colonel Black's report, made to General Ludlow under the date of February 16, 1899, gave this résumé of the work done in January under Captain Geary:

> An investigation showed that the surface of the streets of Havana was fairly clean, through the efforts of Captain Geary, who had removed 2500 cart-loads of dirt. Captain Geary's force was largely increased. The entire city and suburbs were redistricted, and an inspector was appointed for each district, with from 100 to 150 laborers, in gangs of 10 to 15 men each, under a foreman.
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> Each gang has a definite length of street assigned to it. In general the equipment of each gang comprises 5 water-sprinkling cans, 3 hoes, 12 brooms, 2 rakes, and 10 shovels, and, for the broader streets, 4 wheelbarrows. Carts follow the gangs and take up and remove the sweepings to the dump-boat. Owing to the narrow streets and the great amount of traffic, the use of the bag system was found to be inadvisable. Later it is proposed to subdivide the districts and assign

THE CORNER OF O'REILLY AND COMPOSTELLA STREETS.

FLORIDA STREET BEFORE AMERICAN OCCUPATION.

HOW THE "NORTHERS" CLEAN OUT HAVANA HARBOR.
Beach between Morro Castle and Cabañas, showing clean Coral and Sand.

STREET-CLEANING FORCE—CORNER OF PRADO AND NEPTUNE STREET.

a definite piece of street to each man. Under the organization, at the end of the month, with a force consisting of 8 inspectors, 38 foremen, 663 laborers, and 63 carts, 150,000 feet of street were cleaned daily, 200,000 feet three times per week, 100,000 feet twice per week, and 35,186 feet once per week, covering the entire city. The total number of running feet cleaned per week was 1,735,186. The cost of cleaning for the month was $16,930 18. The sweepings were carried to sea and dumped.

Within a month Colonel Black's pay-roll for all his departments, the chief of which, so far as the number of employés was concerned, was the street-cleaning department, carried more than 2000 names. In the matter of street repairs Colonel Black made this summary:

Great difficulty was experienced in getting a supply of stone for macadamizing. No new paving-blocks were on hand. Owing to the absence of a complete system of street grades, and also to the certainty that the pavements would have to be torn up at an early date to permit the construction of a sewer system, the work of street repair was confined to filling bad holes or breaks in the pavements. During the month about 3000 square yards of repaving and about 23,000 square yards of macadamizing was done. In preparation for replacing the street pavements, it will be necessary to prepare grade sheets for the entire city street system.

When it came to the question of sewers, General Ludlow and Colonel Black were face to face with the biggest problem in Havana. It has been the general impression that there are no sewers in Havana. That is a mistake. There are nearly ten miles of them, some public and some private. Some of them open into the harbor, like the one that runs under the Custom House, and others into the ocean. The ends of these sewers, in some cases for a distance of a hundred yards, are open, and although there is a good flow in them, they are a source of infection because they are open. Havana is a place not presenting any difficult engineering problems in sewering. There is an easy pitch to most of the streets, and the city runs along the ocean on one side and borders on a blind harbor, but close to the ocean, on the other side. Near the mouth of the harbor, and along the ocean-front, the sewers left no noticeable deposits or odors.

The great problem was how, when, and by whom the sewers should be established. It was conceded that they must be built. The city was full of men who were looking for just such contracts. Colonel Waring had been down there, and had reported that it would cost from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000 to do the work properly, and it is said in Havana that a company of his friends was organized to take hold of the work. Michael Dady, the well-known Brooklyn contractor and spoils politician, had a contract for something like $15,000,000 to do the same work on a different plan. There was a good deal of mystery about Colonel Dady's contract. The fact was that the City Council of Havana, before the war, had approved Colonel Dady's plan without authorizing a direct contract. Thereafter steps were taken gradually whereby the city became committed to Colonel Dady's plan, and before the place was evacuated by the Spaniards the council authorized the contract to be signed. Then came the change in control of affairs, with the understanding that existing laws and obligations were to be respected by the United States authorities while in temporary control. When the sovereignty of a country changes, the new rulers may abrogate not only contracts that have been authorized, but those that are in force. It is a delicate question, however, in view of the proclaimed purpose of the United States to act merely as a pacificator, whether it would have the right to throw aside Colonel Dady's contract. As a conquering nation this country could do as it pleased; as a pacifying nation it might revoke the contract on the ground of high military necessity, and because the contract did not conform to good public policy. I know nothing about the merits of Colonel Dady's contract, but I am warranted in saying that practically every man in Havana who had looked into the matter and was competent to judge, whether he was engineer or lawyer, believed that Dady had at least an equity in his authorized contract. This opinion was shared by some of the highest military authorities. There was not so unanimous an opinion as to the wisdom of following out his plan, and, indeed, it is my belief, after talking with the experts, that some other plan is preferred by the officials.

Colonel Waring had urged that work be begun at once. There was delay in Washington. Some of the authorities had said that sewers could be put in in sixty days. A well-known brigadier-general said to me that he had told General Ludlow that he would produce a contractor who would guarantee to put sewers in the town in that time. It was simply ridiculous. There were no maps showing grades and distances; there was no general scheme as to size of main sewers, and their branches and the disposition of them; there was no sewer-pipe to be had in Cuba for drains, and to have decided upon the sizes and amount would have taken time, to say nothing of the difficulty of getting sufficient quantities from the United States in short order; there were no plumbers' supplies in Havana; most important of all, there were not sufficient number of plumbers in Havana to do even a small part of their kind of work involved, and it would have been almost impossible to have secured them from the United States, with the danger of losing their lives from exposure to deadly germs; there were no laborers to be had to dig up the streets, the island being short, it is estimated, nearly 200,000 laboring-men; it would have been necessary to organize a great force of laborers in the United States and to transport them to Havana. All this preliminary work, the formation of a scheme involving a vast study of details, the drawing of plans, the preparation and the award of contracts, the importation of men and materials, could not have been done in less than sixty days after the United States took hold of affairs, to say nothing of the litigation over the Dady contract that might have followed, and by that time it would have been too late to begin.

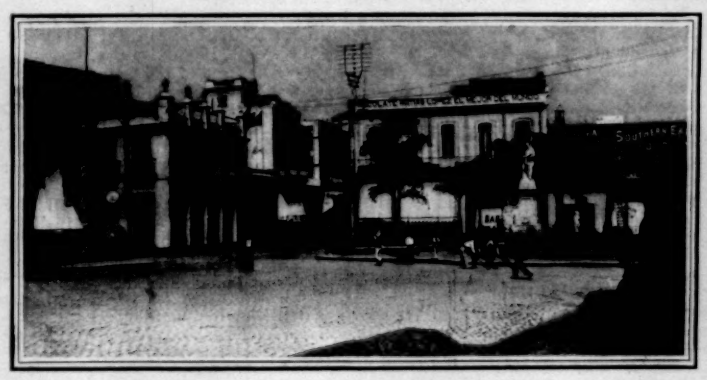
Probably the most important reason for General Ludlow's decision to put the matter off for a year, even at the risk of a serious yellow-fever epidemic, was the fact that to establish a complete system of sewers in Havana in a short time would simply paralyze the business of the town just when the place needed all its strength for recuperation. The streets in the business part of Havana are so narrow that vehicles are allowed to go only one way in them. There are no sidewalks in the sense that Americans know them. To put down sewers in a street means to block it up completely with piles of dirt. It will be necessary to do this a block at a time if the business interests are to be conserved. To stop all street traffic in the business part of the town, to expose its people to the possibility of a frightful death-rate, just after a war, because of the germs released from the ground, to make haste in a matter that required the utmost deliberation and study so that no mistakes should be made in a work intended to last for centuries, were things for which General Ludlow would not take the responsibility.

Speaking from the standpoint of a layman in this matter of sewering Havana, and after looking over the ground, I am convinced that General Ludlow took exactly the right step. It took courage of the highest order. Everywhere there are predictions—happily not borne out by the indications thus far—that there will be a frightful death-rate this summer in Havana, and General Ludlow chose to face that contingency. It took courage to stand off syndicate-hunters with pulls in Washington. The passage of the clause in the army bill forbidding the award of franchises in Cuba by our government probably has taken a load off the general's shoulders. A thorough, well-developed system of sewering the town is now being drawn up, based on scientific principles, and when it is ready the responsibility will fall upon the authorities in Washington of saying whether that plan or the Dady plan or some other plan shall be adopted.

Meantime General Ludlow has gone about the work of justifying his decision. He ordered a plant whereby a disinfectant is prepared from salt water by electricity, and he made arrangements to have the streets sprinkled constantly. By May 1 the plant will probably be in working order. He ordered the erection of a $35,000 plant for the burning of the garbage. He set native Cubans at work cleaning out the open ends of sewers. With these immunes to do the work, he had public buildings, jails, and hospitals, and the like, as well as Morro Castle and Cabañas fortress, Principe Castle, and the Punta, made wholesome, and other buildings put in order for barracks for the troops, who were then encamped in the very places where thousands of reconcentrados starved and died. He kept improving the street-cleaning system, and then he took hold of the matter of harbor improvement. Even at the end of the first month of American control in Havana General Ludlow had the great satisfaction of seeing the death-rate for the month lowered exactly one-half, compared with the corresponding month of the previous year and before war came. There doubtless will be severe sickness in Havana the coming summer, and there may be an epidemic; but I am convinced that when the records are all in, it will be found that General Ludlow not only did a brave thing in refusing to tear up Havana's streets at a critical time, but that he did a wise thing, and he will be justified in the end. He is face to face at this writing with a grave responsibility, and he is meeting it without flinching. What shall be done ultimately about Havana's sewer system I cannot say, but this much I am justified in saying—that no system will be adopted or put in operation in Havana, during General Ludlow's term of office there as military governor, which does not commend itself to his engineering sense of fitness and right. Syndicate-chasers and political contractors might as well understand that now as at a later time.

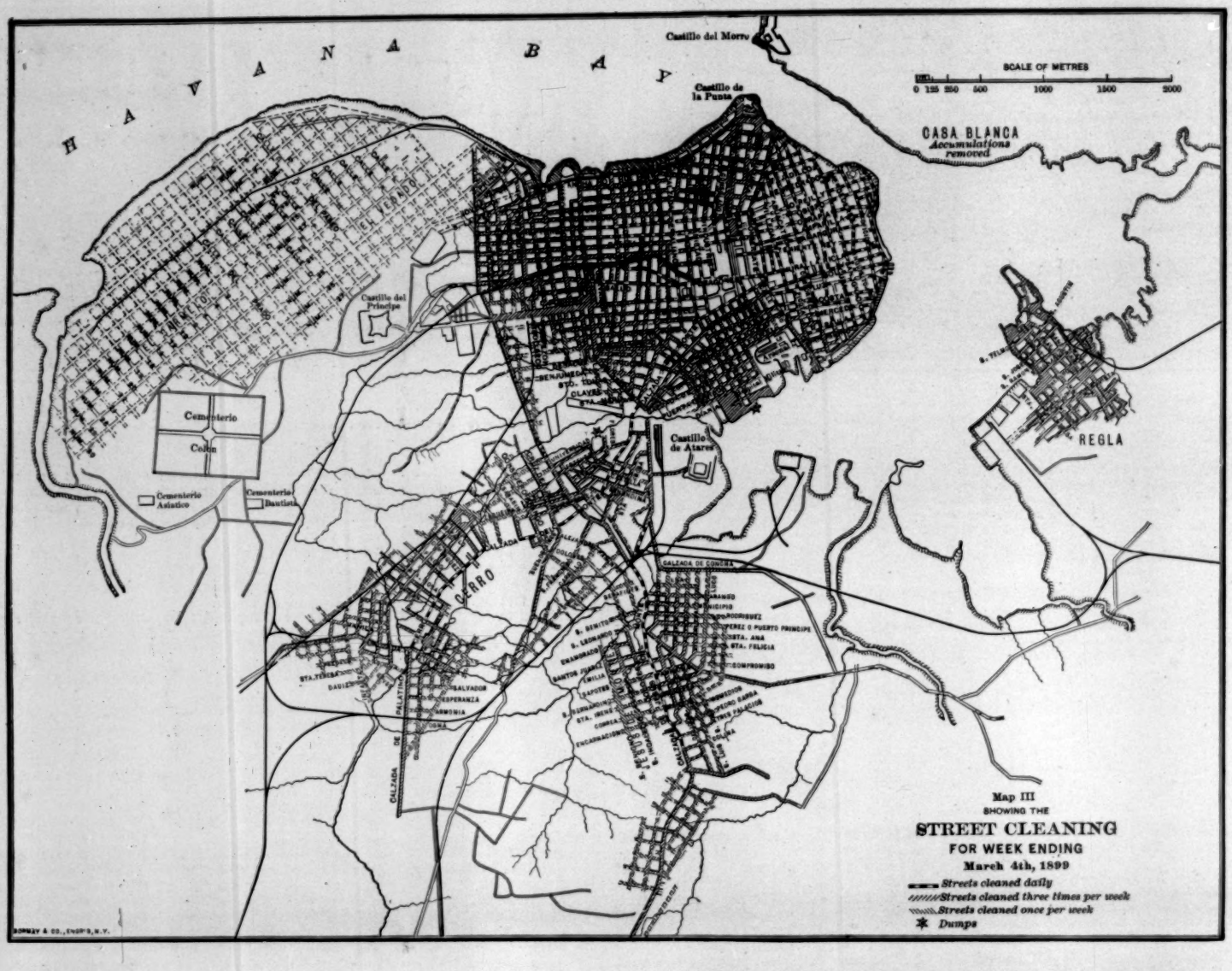
The matter of purifying Havana Harbor is one in which nature will help greatly. With the present sewers put in a fairly good sanitary condition, there is really only one other source of pollution of Havana Harbor. It is known as "Slaughter House Creek," a little stream of water up at the head of the harbor, where slaughtering was done in the city, and by means of which the offal was carried into the harbor. Of course one of the first things done in cleaning up the town was to regulate this matter of slaughtering animals. Then arrangements were made to dredge the mouth of Slaughter House Creek for several hundred yards. When that source of infection is removed, Havana Harbor will be clean. Dr. Guiteras, the national yellow-fever expert, has been quoted of late as saying that the harbor in Havana was not responsible for the spread of yellow fever. I was surprised to find the water cleaner in appearance than that in the Hudson River opposite New York city. The sewage, as was pointed out by Colonel Waring, that runs into the harbor can readily be cared for by the mere process of solution.

Havana's harbor has been called dead because no streams empty into it. No current runs from it into the ocean. That is true, but it does not follow that the harbor is never cleaned by nature. I saw no less than three storms—"northers," they are called—drive millions upon millions of gallons of sea-water into the harbor, until it must have been scoured thoroughly with pure salt water,



MONSERRATE AND O'REILLY STREETS—STATUE OF GENERAL TACON.

ZULETA AND TROCADERO STREETS—STREET-CLEANING FORCE GOING TO WORK.



one of the best of disinfectants. One storm had such force, and even fury, that the spray broke clear over Morro Castle light. It drenched General Ludlow's palace. It made traffic in the bay dangerous. White-caps broke at the foot of old Cabañas. The harbor was scoured clear to its upper end, and when the wind went down and allowed the water which had been piled up in the harbor to escape, thousands of tons of matter in solution were swept out into the ocean. Put in a sewer system with most of the sewers running direct into the ocean, have the matter that runs into the bay from the sewers made into a solution by the liberal use of the fine supply of water that Havana has—the only thing in the way of public works that was praiseworthy—and dig out the poisoned mud at the mouth of Slaughter House Creek, and even a layman can understand that Havana Harbor can be made wholesome, and that no vast system of canal and channel cutting to create an artificial movement of water in the harbor is absolutely necessary. It will be hard to convince contractors of this, however.

The American officials found the water department of the city in fair condition. Havana has a modern plant in the matter of water-supply. The water is obtained from a series of springs in the Cerro district of the city. Reservoirs and conduits were put on a modern basis in 1894. Part of the aqueduct is an open ditch in some places. The part of the aqueduct crossing the Almendares River was not in good condition, but radical defects were soon remedied. The greatest defect in the water-supply was in the distribution. More of it escaped or was stolen than was paid for, and that aspect of the case led to an investigation, which resulted to the great pecuniary advantage of the city.

Although the water department was the best cared for of all the public works of the city under Spanish rule, it is a fact that Colonel Black did not see any one who had been in charge of the city's public works for an entire month. There seemed to be no office like that of a city engineer, as we understand it in the States. Here is what Colonel Black had to say in respect to that phase of Spanish official life in his report to General Ludlow on Feb. 16:

> There was a very small city engineers' force for municipal work. By your direction I assumed charge of that organization. It was constituted as follows: One engineer, director of the aqueduct works, two architects, two assistants, ten draughtsmen and clerks, a few gardeners for the parks, and a small force of watchmen for the aqueduct. There were no instruments of any kind, no maps of the sewer systems, no map showing street grades or pavements, and in general practically nothing in the way of the records and data deemed essential in such an office, excepting drawings showing the aqueduct and water-mains. The Engineer Director was reported to be sick, and I saw nothing of him during the month. The office hours were from 2 to 4 P.M. Nothing in the way of public work was being done, and back pay was due the entire force. The duties of the various men were somewhat indefinite, without a proper assignment of work and responsibility.
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> The remaining branch of the engineer work of the department, the care of the harbor of Havana and its wharves, was in charge of the Engineer Director of the Obras del Puerto. This organization was also placed under my orders by you. I found it to be efficient, with quite a good plant, consisting of 1 tug, 3 dredges, 7 scows, 2 pile-drivers, and small boats and appliances. It was idle for lack of funds.

Such is the story of the operation of the department of public works in Havana under American military control. It is really the story of the start in the direction of saving human life and increasing the value of property by simple cleanliness. Havana's death-rate the coming summer should be lower than at any time within a dozen years. A lower death-rate will be the result of mere temporary measures. When a sewer system is decided upon, and the streets are dug up, it is to be expected that an increase in the death-rate will follow, because of the release of fever germs from the soil where they have lain for generations. After asphalt pavements are put down—asphalt is one of the natural products of Cuba—and after the people have learned not only how to keep the streets clean, but also have learned something of sanitation, and have educated themselves into abhorring bad smells, there should be no reason why the city should not be healthful. But before that comes about we shall learn, through General Ludlow's decision to delay the institution of sewers and to stick to ordinary cleanliness temporarily, what the people and the authorities of Havana could have done in saving life if they had used these same simple methods, without going into any scheme of permanent sanitation. The photographs illustrating this article were taken by Lieutenants C. E. Doty and S. R. Fox, of the United States volunteer engineers, now stationed in Havana, and show vividly the difference in the condition of the streets under the old and new régimes.

Stephen Johnson Field

AFTER serving as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States for a period of thirty-four years and seven months, Judge Field retired from the bench on December 1, 1897. He continued to reside in Washington, and his death occurred at his home in that city on April 9, 1899.

He was a son of the Rev. David Dudley Field, and was born at Haddam, Connecticut, November 4, 1816. Three years later the family moved to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and at the age of thirteen Stephen was taken abroad, and had the advantage of studying the modern languages at Smyrna and Athens, under the protection of his sister's husband, the Rev. Josiah Brewer. Returning to this country, he entered Williams College; graduated in 1837; studied law in New York city with his brother David Dudley, who was eleven years his senior, and in due course was admitted to the bar and to a partnership in his brother's firm. A taste for travel, which had been strongly developed during his experience in the East, asserted itself when, in 1849, the discoveries of gold in California were drawing restless spirits from all parts of the country to the Pacific coast. He relinquished his partnership, reached San Francisco in 1849, and took his chances among the other adventurers—certainly with no financial advantage, for it is related that after paying two dollars for his breakfast he had but one dollar, and a note of uncertain value against a Colonel Stevenson, "who was understood to have become rich in California," with which to begin a new career at the age of thirty-three. But, on the other hand, he possessed a clear title to success, which was promptly recognized, for he was seen to be a man in whom legal ability and learning were associated with a masterful, strenuous disposition, and such a person was indispensable in that lawless community. In 1850 he became the first Alcalde of Marysville. Later in the same year he was elected to the Legislature, and, as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, was conspicuously active in securing important mining legislation. He was elected to the Supreme Court of the State in 1857, and two years later became Chief Justice. In little more than a decade he had won a national reputation by "laying the foundation of the land and mining law of California," while dealing with opponents whose most cogent arguments were too often in their revolvers. President Lincoln made him an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court in 1863.

It was Judge Field's privilege to deliver the opinion of the Supreme Court in the "test-oath" cases, the decision of which released persons who had taken part in the rebellion from the disabilities imposed by the statutes which had been passed during the war. In 1870, when the legal-tender cases came before the court, he delivered a dissenting opinion, which is regarded as a document of the highest importance, and a convincing argument against the power of the government to alter the currency standard. He received the degree of LL.D. from Williams College in 1864, and in 1869 was made Professor of Law in the University of California. In 1873, by appointment of the Governor of California, he served as a commissioner to examine the codes of the State and to prepare amendments. He was a member of the Electoral Commission of 1877, and one of the seven members who cast their votes for Tilden. In 1880, as a candidate before the Cincinnati convention for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, he received sixty-five votes on the first ballot. Among his recent services to the public will be remembered his vigorous condemnation of the income-tax law. Ten years ago Judge Terry, once his associate on the California Supreme Court bench, attempted to assassinate him, but was shot and killed by a deputy-marshal in attendance.

Justice Field was one of seven brothers, all of whom were distinguished for ability and energy. We have already referred to the eldest, David Dudley, the eminent jurist and leader in codification of the law. Timothy, an officer in the navy, was lost at sea in 1836. Matthew D. was a noted civil engineer. Jonathan E. was president of the Massachusetts Senate. Cyrus West Field, projector of the Atlantic cable, was the sixth of the brothers, and the seventh—the sole survivor—is the Rev. Henry Martyn Field, author and editor. The career of the subject of this sketch was well summarized by Chief-Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court of the United States when announcing to the gentlemen of the bar that Mr. Justice Field had died full of years and of honors, and attended by all that should accompany old age. "His judicial career," the Chief Justice added, "was unexampled in length and distinction, and he occupied a seat upon this bench for a longer period than any of its members from the beginning. His labors left no region of jurisprudence unexplored, and now that he rests from them his works will survive him." As a mark of respect to his memory, the court adjourned until April 11.

M. W.

Diary of the Revolt

Wednesday, April 5.—The proclamation issued by the United States Philippines Commission yesterday, translated into the Spanish and Tagalog languages, was widely distributed. Its statement of the Administration's intentions was contained in eleven articles, the substance of which may be given in condensed form as follows: 1. The supremacy of the United States must and will be enforced throughout every part of the archipelago, and those who resist it can accomplish no end other than their own ruin. 2. Ample liberty and self-government will be granted. 3. The civil rights of the Philippine people will be guaranteed, and religious freedom assured. 4. Honor, justice, and friendship forbid the exploitation of the Philippines or Filipinos. 5. There shall be an honest and effective civil service in which natives shall be employed. 6. Honesty and economy shall be studied in levying taxes and applying the proceeds to public improvements and expenses of the government, and taxation may be lighter than in the past. 7. A pure, speedy, and effective administration of justice will be guaranteed. 8. Construction of roads and railways will be promoted. 9. Domestic and foreign trade will be fostered. 10. Schools will be established. 11. Reforms will be effected in all branches of the government.

In a despatch to the State Department, Dr. Schurman, president of the commission, said that the revolt "had its origin and strength in the Tagalog provinces . . . and the natives of the rest of the archipelago are not natural allies of the Tagalogs, but unfriendly rivals. . . . The Tagalogs had sent detachments of from fifty to two hundred men to all the other provinces to seize governments as robbers hold up trains."

As though to nullify the effect of the proclamation, the Filipino leaders sent messengers into all the provinces to announce that terrible losses had been inflicted upon the Americans.

Thursday, April 6.—Reports from two islands in the Visayan group: In Negros there was an uprising of bandits, who killed several officials and captured others. A proclamation was issued to the natives, calling upon them to rise and exterminate Americans and Spaniards. Four companies of our troops, sent to the scene of the disturbance, captured and burned the bandits' headquarters. In Samar the revolutionists were said to be quarrelling among themselves, and looking to the Americans to restore order.

Friday, April 7.—The main body of Aguinaldo's army was reported to be intrenched at Calumpit, six and one-half miles northwest of Malolos. Reconnoitring parties were sent out, but there was no fighting.

The Philippines commissioners stated that their proclamation had been well received.

Saturday, April 8.—A force of 1500 men was conveyed from San Pedro Macati, on the Pasig River, eastward to Laguna de Bay, the great lake in Luzon, of which the Pasig is the outlet. The objective point of the expedition was Santa Cruz, on the southeastern shore of the lake, and about fifty miles from Manila. General Lawton commanded, and his force, as reported in press despatches, consisted of eight companies of the Fourteenth Infantry, three companies of the Fourth Cavalry, four companies each of the First North Dakota and First Idaho, two mountain-guns, and two hundred sharpshooters from various regiments. Fifteen *cascos* (native cargo-lighters) towed by seven tugs supplied the means of transportation, and the three army gunboats *Laguna de Bay*, *Napidan*, and *Oeste* acted as convoy. Setting out in the evening, the expedition reached the head of the river at midnight, and waited for dawn before proceeding.

Sunday, April 9.—Rain and fog made navigation difficult in the morning. By 1.30 in the afternoon the gunboats were in position off Santa Cruz, and the *Napidan* opened fire on a force of Filipinos four miles south of the town. The sharpshooters and two battalions of the Fourteenth Infantry were landed, to attack the retreating natives. Two battalions of volunteers followed, while the *Laguna de Bay* shelled intrenchments nearer the town. At dark the troops ashore bivouacked, while the flotilla anchored in compact formation for the night.

Monday, April 10.—The assault on Santa Cruz began at sunrise. Our line, which stretched two miles inland, moved northward, gunboats meanwhile shelling the woods through which our men were to advance. A determined resistance was offered when our troops were nearing the city, and in the town itself the fight was from house to house. General Otis's despatches told the rest: "Lawton's command captured Santa Cruz, chief city of Laguna de Bay, this morning," etc. The American loss was ten wounded—one mortally. The Filipino troops were driven eastward, leaving ninety-three dead on the field. Many were wounded, and a large number made prisoners.

Tuesday, April 11.—During the night (between the 10th and 11th) there was fighting south of Malolos and between Marilao and Guiguinto, the attempt being made to destroy the means of communication between MacArthur's forces at Malolos and the city of Manila. The Filipinos were driven back with loss. Three of the Americans were killed and twenty wounded. This was the most serious demonstration north of the city since the fall of Malolos.

Returning to General Lawton's expedition, we find that the advance on the Filipinos beyond Santa Cruz was continued. "In the lake region," as General Otis expressed it, "Lawton pursued insurgents eastward from Santa Cruz, dispersing them; captured all the larger vessels used in the lake trade and a Spanish gunboat."

Wednesday, April 12.—North of Manila, again General Wheaton drove the enemy ten miles to the eastward of the railway line of communication with Malolos. He started at daylight with the Tenth Pennsylvania and the Second Oregon regiments and two guns. Near Santa María the Filipinos offered resistance, but were driven from their position by shells. The town of Santa María was then burned and abandoned, and the day was spent by Wheaton's column in pursuit of a foe who kept just out of reach, destroying the villages which were passed in the retreat, and occasionally firing at the advancing column from the jungle. The pursuit ended at the prohibition of the mountains, and altogether it seemed a typical engagement of the new campaign.

Recent advices from Manila did not encourage the belief or hope that the end of the revolt was in sight. A despatch, to which special importance was attached by the press in this country and in Europe, began with quoting "one of the foremost American generals" to the effect that "We shall see a hundred thousand soldiers in the Philippines before the Americans control the islands." After referring to the general opinion at Manila that great re-enforcements were required, the despatch continued: "And it is thought that it would be cheaper in the long run, and have a better effect upon the natives, to establish American supremacy effectually than to temporize with a score of rebellions." Foreign residents of Manila expressed the opinion that the Americans were too optimistic in regard to the probable effects of the Philippines Commission's proclamation. Its promise of improved conditions would be regarded by many natives as a snare.

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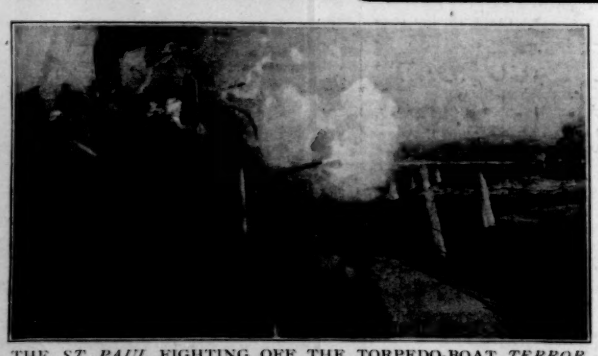


THE *ST. PAUL* FIGHTING OFF THE TORPEDO-BOAT *TERROR*

DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET

HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*

I.—A MID-PACIFIC METROPOLIS

FIRST impressions are usually so much nearer the heart, so much more enduring, it is comforting when they are pleasant and need not be revised. Therefore Hawaii must appeal strongly and tenderly to every visitor who has an eye for the unaffectedly beautiful and a scrap of sentiment in his being. Nowhere may the simple story of the people and of the land be read so easily and with such confidence in its fidelity. It is amusing to compare with the tales of discontent and poverty that find their way into newspaper print the actual openness and happiness of native life in Hawaii.

The charm of the Hawaiian Islands lies in their physical characteristics—the suggestion of strength and gentleness given by their broken peaks and slumbering volcanoes, and the velvety verdure that tempts you to the hills—and begets an impulse to plunge your nose deep down in the grass for one long inhalation of wholesome earth. If in your breast there is hidden any nature-loving relic of savagery—that savagery which hungers for actual contact, and is not content with mere picture-gazing—be assured Hawaii will reveal your passion and satisfy your desire.

All the reading world knows by this time that the Hawaiian Islands are of volcanic origin, each with its valleys and mountains, its lowlands and uplands, its dry side and rainy side, its perennial spring and its heaven-born climate—but only those who have lingered under their influence can appreciate the subtle charm of the lights and shades on the mountains.

Hawaiian time seems divided into alternate and swiftly changing cycles of shadows and sunshine and rainbows.

'Tis well we approach this land from the sea, for so do we have opportunity to consider its attractions; and well, too, that our port of entry is Honolulu, for it is on the island of Oahu—the loveliest of all the group. Oahu has not the beautiful valleys of either Maui or Kauai, or the volcanoes and jagged windward coast of Hawaii, but it has much of the qualities of each, and has been picturesquely fashioned with a hand more artistic. Oahu leaves the impress of its individuality upon you—once having seen Diamond Head, you never escape remembrance of its bold, naked outline; if in your drive from Waikiki you have looked up Manoa Valley, with the sun just sinking over the island's backbone, and the drifting clouds swiftly varying the shades on the hills—the picture will ever after dwell in your memory.

You feel the influence of Oahu as the steamer draws near enough for your glasses to discover the wild weird splendor of the windward coast that culminates in the *Pali*—a different, more fascinating, scenic beauty from any you have ever beheld. A sense of physical witchery, like the insidious soundings of a rare vintage, steals through your veins as the steamer passes Koko Point, and rounding Diamond Head, reveals the capital of the Hawaiian Archipelago—Honolulu—with a solid rock guard at either point of its crescent-shaped harbor, the mountains at its back, and an untroubled sea at its feet.

Drink your fill of the scenic beauty while yet you are off shore, for there is less to appeal to your sentimental side when you land.

Through a channel, narrow, though deep enough to admit the deepest ships of the world, you pass into the harbor, inside the coral reef that imprisons the entire water-front, and look full into the languorous landscape of many colors that plays so strongly on your fancy. And it will glow anew under your closest scrutiny—like some eyes that grow deeper and more eloquent the longer we search them.

Thus, enchanted, expectant, you stand at the ship rail while the sensuous beauties of Oahu materialize before your sympathetic gaze—until the bumping of the steamer against the low pier breaks the spell, and the dock buildings hide the scenic vision, only to disclose another, filled with native men and women—all smiling and chatting and hand-waving—with wreaths (*leis*) of various colored flowers around their hats and necks, and *Aloha* on their lips.

Aloha—which conveys greeting and good-will and welcome.

Honolulu is a town of engaging, not to say amusing, contrasts. It has rubber-tired hacks—and no sewerage; electric light—and no sidewalks in the residence part; tropical surroundings—and, for the most part, coldest of prim New England architecture; a soil capable of producing vegetables in abundance—and canned corn and tomatoes and pease and beans on the shelves in the shops; a spacious, well-built public market—and for half its space empty of stall tenants; every good reason why living should be inexpensive—and in very fact an atmosphere charged with comparative extravagance.

Not many surprises await the travelled visitor at Hawaii, but three there are in very truth, and one is deeply gratifying and two are startling, to wit—(1) the paternal care of the native by the white-born Hawaiians; (2) the Americanization of Honolulu; (3) the little advantage taken of the natural agricultural resources of the islands.

You have been wise, from the steamer deck, to yield yourself to the tropical seductiveness all Hawaiian views impart at distance, for disappointment awaits you on first landing, unless you have never before set foot on semi-tropical shores. Downtown Honolulu is clean, industrious, conventional, with sidewalks entirely Western, and streets that, though somewhat narrower than common in American towns of equal size, are yet much wider than those of other semi-tropical cities. There is nothing that suggests the tropics—not even the Chinese and Portuguese quarters—not even the native women in their *holokus* (as a Mother Hubbard wrapper they wear is called), or the native men in their blue cotton trousers, straw hats, and bare feet. Every shop window suggests America; on all sides there is English speech—even the solitary beggar who accosted me in the two months of my sojourn was an American. Any town chosen at random in New Mexico or southern Arizona would disclose scenes equally tropical and more foreign, though not so cosmopolitan in population.

But there is relief for eye and ear in the residence streets, which are those that extend straight from the heart of the town, or lie closer to the hills in the background, or skirt the shore up to the very shadow of Diamond Head. Most attractive of those running inland is Nuuanu, leading into the valley of the same name, and culminating at the *Pali*, most famous of Honolulu drives. Most delightful of those skirting the shore line is Waikiki, with its tempting beach, bathing, and surf-riding, and the rakish picturesqueness of its cocoanut-palms. And wherever space and care are given them bloom the flaming Hibiscus, the pendent yellow clusters of the Golden Shower, the Begonia, the magenta-colored Bougainvillea, overtopped and sheltered by the spreading *Ohia* and guarded by the regally Royal palm. Curiously, the rose and the violet are the only flowers that do not thrive here.

Nature has showered gifts upon these islands, and the white settlers have spoiled the urban landscape by thrusting into it their ill-suited abodes. The severe New England type of house, with its gables, its blinds, its square ends and sides, and its trim fences, is so utterly incongruous to Hawaiian environment as to be irritating. Here and there is a bungalow, fitting into its surroundings with satisfactory completeness, and within five years houses are losing much of their former severity, but the type still rules to jar the artistic sense of the visitor. Everywhere on the islands the houses suggest the dominant New England influence that even luxuriant surroundings of the semi-tropics have not softened. Honolulu has the situation and the endowments for making the most beautiful city in all the world, but it needs the developing hand of a nature more alive to the artistic possibilities of its environment.

But, after all, perhaps it is hardly fair to seek an æsthetic side of Honolulu, when the dulness of artistic sense in the native, and the lack of it in the section whence came the earliest whites, are considered.

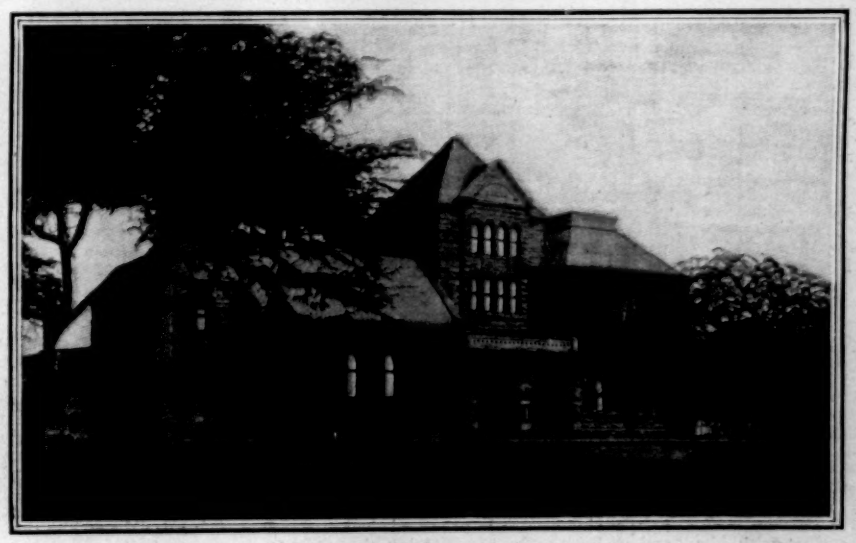
If from an artistic view-point opportunities have been neglected in this Polynesian capital, at least much has been accomplished in industrial development.

In 1820, when the missionaries and traders and whalers came, Honolulu was a scattered village of grass huts and about 3000 inhabitants; in 1866 its population numbered from 12,000 to 15,000, and its buildings were of adobe; or of the old grass type, now rarely seen, and then only in the interior; or of coral, many of which still stand, notably a large native church. Few towns of Honolulu's population (30,000), even in the United States, are better equipped for industrial and educational life. There are business and public buildings, modern and handsome; paved streets, a public library (12,000 volumes), fire department, telephone system with the most satisfying service I ever encountered, theatres, hospitals, asylums, public market; a notably complete museum, under the able curatorship of Professor W. T. Brigham (Harvard); homes for sailors, homes for the indigent natives; two colleges, thirty-five private and twenty-five public schools, including industrial, reform, normal, and night schools. Of churches there are about half a dozen, representing as many different denominations. There are four daily newspapers printed in English, one in Hawaiian, and, all told, daily, weekly, and monthly, there are eleven publications in English, four in Hawaiian, two each in Portuguese, Japanese, and Chinese. And it should be remembered that of the town's population over 11,000 are natives and part natives, 8700 are Chinese and Japanese, 2000 are Portuguese, leaving about 8000 whites, of whom two-thirds are Americans.

IN THE OLD DAYS.

Honolulu has, in fact, everything needful to her size and importance except a really first-class hotel and a street railway that gives satisfactory service. The present street cars are intermittent, filthy, and patronized almost exclusively by the natives. There is talk of a trolley system, which is much needed, and that would be exceedingly profitable. Meantime there is a hack system—extensive (260) and impoverishing—with a tariff calculated to bring a blush to the cheeks of the most reprobate New York "cabby." Mindful, however, of what has already been accomplished, we may have confidence in Honolulu's discernment for the future and her proper adjustment to requirements.

Nor is it Honolulu alone of all Hawaii that is thus Americanized; throughout the islands one finds the same influences at work and results similar. The dominant language of the group is English—not with the British, but with the American pronunciation; the newspapers come from American presses, are conducted by American journalists, and filled with American topics; the literature on the counters of the book-shops and reading-rooms is three-quarters from American publishers. The ruling social, commercial, political, religious life of the people of Hawaii is overwhelmingly American. The schools are patterned after the American system, the text-books American, and, except in the rural districts, where half-whites and natives are employed, the teachers are American. The President—or Governor, as he soon will be—and two members of his recent cabinet, are Hawaiian-born Americans; other two members are American-born. The constitution and the laws of the late republic were patterned after those of the United States; two-thirds of the supreme and circuit court judges and the majority of the lawyers in the upper courts are Americans. The same is true of the governmental bureaus, and of the Advisory Council.



BISHOP MUSEUM, HONOLULU.

Americans own two-thirds of the taxable property in the islands, and control equally as much of the sugar-plantation interests. Three-fourths of the foreign shipping calling at Honolulu is American—a statement that cannot be made of any other port in the world—while the inter-island steamship lines and the banking interests are entirely American.

American influence began in Hawaii with the outreaching enterprise of the expert whalers of Nantucket and New Bedford, and was spread by the little band of missionaries who for over twenty years constituted the chief body of civilized residents, and remained to shape, even at so early a day, the benevolent and ably organized institutions that were subsequently born to the country.

Americans brought commerce, civilization, education, prosperity, to Hawaii. Was there not, indeed, warrant for giving this island colony the completer benefits of annexation?

II.—THE PASSING NATIVE

AND what of the native—what part is he to play in Hawaii's future? what rôle has he filled in the immediately progressive past? There has been so much maudlin sentiment expended on him, such an amount of bias in the discussion of this subject, it will be instructive, perhaps interesting, to have a glance at facts.

Some travellers see only the picturesque side of life and things, some only the superficial, some only the vicious—let us try by the light of my research and travel over the islands to view the situation without prejudice and without silly sentimentality, as it now exists.

Hysterical writers declare the native has lost all his belongings except his dark eyes and his passion for flowers; that his patrimony has been squandered, and finally his country taken from him.

There is nothing so obtrusive in the written history of Hawaiian life as the contrast between the harsh treatment of the natives by their own rulers and their kind treatment by the whites. The white man's conquest of Hawaii has been through the confidence born of kindness and the peace born of education. The native never had a birthright until influence of the white man gave it to him, for the days before the missionaries came were feudal days—when the common people were serfs, and no man owned a foot of soil except by the king's favor, and only during the lifetime of his immediate master. Not until 1839 did Kamehameha III. proclaim his famous Bill of Rights—the Hawaiian Magna Charta—which for the first time gave uncertain land tenure to the native.

Meanwhile the missionaries, who had first arrived in 1820—one year after the Hawaiians had cast off idolatry—labored with indifferent success, until '37, when a religious stir began, which, fitting the emotional side of the native, resulted in a pious frenzy that literally swept the islands—converting large numbers to the white man's doctrine.

The rapid and entire Christianization of the Hawaiians is one of the religious wonders of the present century; it has no parallel in the world's history.

But, though he changed his religion, the native's habits remained very much the same, and though his mind was attuned to the teachings of the missionaries—the heritage of indolence and of licentiousness bore heavily upon him. He loved the sunshine, his womankind, and the opalescent water that surrounded him. Why should he work when the sea held fish, and the cocoa-palm provided drink, clothing, and nourishment? What need for toil with the papaya and the bread-fruit trees dropping their fruit like manna every day for all the days of the year?

The indolent Hawaiian is no Polynesian novelty, but he does occupy the unique position of being the only race on the Tropic of Cancer that is losing its identity. As with the Siamese, intermarriage with stronger races is changing the Hawaiian's physical and mental characteristics; and, as with the baboos of India, education is having the somewhat similar effect of divorcing the Hawaiian (not invariably) from his early industrial pursuits. Not that the Hawaiian has an inherent tendency towards industry, but education and prosperity, and more likely the latter, I fancy, are certainly lessening his value as a dependable factor in the agricultural development of the islands.

Education has increased the native's normal disinclination for manual labor, and available clerkships in Honolulu shops and elsewhere in the islands are of course limited, even though he sought and was invariably competent to fill them. The splendid Kamehameha training-schools, founded and endowed by Bernice Pauahi Bishop, great-granddaughter of Kamehameha the Great, are expected to afford much relief in this direction by fitting the native for the trades, which attract him more than the unskilled toil of the fields.

The lower-class native shuns the field as the owl does the light of day. When he must work he seeks employment on the docks, or preferably on the steamers, where the periods of utmost endeavor at the landings, followed by periods of loafing and singing and smoking while the boat steams from port to port, suits his nature perfectly. And he is a good sailor too. He works hard and diligently, and handles the boats about the ragged coasts of the islands and loads and unloads these small steamers in the rough open waterways with greater skill than I have seen elsewhere in the world. He is, besides, a strong and masterful swimmer.

Few Hawaiians as yet have sought professional careers, although one or two I know are lawyers, and the Speaker of the House in 1894 was a native. The majority of the educated ones seek clerkships. Few as yet go into the trades, although some excellent carpenter-work is to be seen at the Kamehameha school shop. But, in truth, the native, with few exceptions, is stirred to labor only by necessity, and only a very small percentage fit themselves for the higher positions of mercantile houses or for the trades. In the ordinary course of daily work the native cannot, in point of fact, compete with the Chinamen, who substantially fill the majority of places in the machine, carpenter, and other shops where skilled work is requisite, and leave few vacancies in fields of labor less exacting.

And the Chinaman carries his competition farther, and with as great success—he monopolizes the lower class of Hawaiian women.

John, as those who have come in contact with him know, is the very quintessence of industry. He is the only man in the Far East who will continue working after he has accumulated a dollar or two. The Japanese, Siamese, Malay, and the Hawaiian will invariably quit work until that dollar has been spent. The Chinaman is a good provider, and kind to his women; so in Hawaii, as in Siam, the native woman marries him in preference to her own countrymen.

Some curious variations of types result from these crossings. In Siam the individuality of the Chinaman is strongly stamped on his progeny, which, although called a Simo-Chinese, is in disposition and appearance a Chinaman. In Hawaii, Chinese blood crossed with native produces a much lighter complexion than is common to either parent, and, on occasions, curly hair, which neither father nor mother ever had. Not many native women marry Portuguese, who view their womankind as working partners seven days of the week, and practically none marry the Japanese, who are not favorably regarded as husbands, however much their progressive spirit may be respected.

So plain John Chinaman, cast out of many lands and a drudge in many others, yet wins his way by very force of his indefatigable industry, marvellous patience, love of children, and his business integrity. In very truth he is the one indispensable factor in Far-Eastern trade—the industrial backbone of Siam, the pioneer of Malayan development, the financier of Japan.

It is one of the remarkable exhibits of this century that the Chinaman should be so invaluable in the development and progress of other countries, while his own land carries the impress of the Dark Ages, unenlightened by contact with the world, the prey of all Europe, and steeped in corruption—political jobbery and corruption of a character so widespread, so infamous, as to rival even wide-open Chicago in the spring of 1899.

The Hawaiian woman of the better class marries her countryman, or preferably a white man—just now the American more generally. As a rule she is more amenable to foreign surroundings than the native man, and more quickly adjusts herself to the changing relations. While in her ignorant state, and married to a native, she is apt to be easy of virtue and careless of environment—educated, and the wife of a white man, she becomes the affectionate mother of his children, the wife with an eye single to his interests, and a well-defined idea of her worldly position. In fact, she is exceedingly jealous of her wifely rights.

The children of these marriages between white men and native women—and it is to the credit of the country, and to the lessons taught so long and so persistently by the missionaries, that there are marriages—are destined to be among the most useful citizens of Hawaii. Here again results in these mid-Pacific islands differ materially from those in the countries on the farther side of the Pacific. The Eurasian (compound of Europe and Asia), as the child of a white father and an Asian mother is called in the Far East, seems to inherit the better qualities of neither parent. As a rule, if he is not irresponsible, he is an inconsequential member of a community easily swayed by pleasure, and with no thought of the morrow. The half-caste girls are always an improvement on their mothers in looks, and some are comparatively attractive; but the boys are slight of figure and delicate of constitution, and both are warm of temperament and yielding.

In the Far East there is no mingling of white man and half-caste, except where the latter earns his daily wage, or at a time and in a place where the white man's friends may not seek him. Speaking generally, though of course there are exceptions to every rule, a Eurasian very rarely enters the society of the white residents, and the exceptional occasions are when the parentage on one side or the other has been distinguished.

In the Hawaiian Islands there is literally no race distinction whatever, no matter what the cross—and there are some extraordinary combinations. At the President's garden fête may be seen half whites, half Chinese and Hawaiian, Chinese-Hawaiian-German, and though the ancestors on the Chinese or native side, and in some instances on the white side too, may have been lacking in education and refinement, as we understand it, yet the results are pleasing to the eye and gratifying as to intellect. Teachers at schools I visited told me that the child of Hawaiian-Chinese parentage was bright and apt and diligent, while the half white appears to combine some of the enterprise and practicability of his father with the dark eyes and poetic temperament of his mother. I did not hear of any white girls marrying full-blooded natives, but white girls occasionally marry half whites among the educated classes—and I may add in passing that there are no marriages these days with white blood, in the smallest quantity, where there is not education—and the instances of white men marrying half-white girls are very frequent and happy. The half-white girl is quite the most attractive feature (human) of the islands.

In this way there is to be the true fusion of interests and peoples that will one day make of Hawaii the happiest, most truly prosperous land on the face of the globe.

But the native, pure and simple, is passing. Yes, and so fulfilling the unbending laws of nature. His decrease has been startlingly large and rapid (from 108,579 in 1836 to 39,504 in 1896), because he himself has abetted it by a fatalism and an early persistent debauchery more pronounced than revealed perhaps by any other peoples in modern history.

Like all aborigines, the Hawaiians are peculiarly susceptible to contagion, and, like many, utterly unmindful of the commonest laws of hygiene. They appear never to have been a race of either marked vitality or industry, and there has been too much coddling of them by the resident whites to breed either quality in the present generation of the full-blooded native. In 1848 one-fourth of the population died of measles, shortly afterwards another 3000 died of small-pox, while the venereal diseases originally taken from the sailors of visiting foreign ships spread, because of the early and protracted licentiousness, throughout all the islands, resulting at length in a large average of genital impotency.

This is one of the reasons why the native is passing.

Continuous laborious effort of the missionaries early attacked lustful desires and stayed the ravages of their accompanying disease, but the seeds had been sown widely, and are bearing fruit even to-day, though in an infinitely less degree.

Although there is some improvement in the observance of hygienic laws by Hawaiians, generally speaking the native pays little attention to rules or regulations governing or preserving health. The native, and more particularly the one in the country, lives about as he has from time long past. He is cleanly as to person, but dirty as to surroundings, and though the unhealthful grass house is vanishing, fever and bowel complaints, typhoid and pneumonia, are highly fatal to him, and seize upon him much more frequently than upon his white or half-white neighbors. It is not that disease attacks the native with greater violence; it is that he appears to have less vitality, by no means to be attributed to his surroundings, but to his inheritance of a vitiated blood; for the whites and half whites and all other races thrive healthfully everywhere on the islands, with their trade-winds and wholesome subsoil.

The same inheritance is answerable for his being the more frequent victim of leprosy, that dread malady, whose charnel-house is on the island of Molokai, where dwell also the infested living, as dead to the world as those under the ground. A vigilant health board and the gradual cleansing of the old native stock by death or by cleaner living are having happy results in this direction, and leprosy is diminishing, slowly but really. At the time of my visit (September, 1898) the last record showed 1100 on Molokai, and of these 984 were natives, 62 half-castes, 32 Chinese, and 5 Americans. Whites contract the disease but rarely, and then only by inoculation, through bruised or cut skin. There are also homes for boys and for girls non-leprous but born of leprous parents, for so does this disease defy all rules in attack and development that it comes now swiftly and without pain, again slowly and with great pain; a leprous woman may bear a healthful, untainted child; or the taint may reveal itself in the tender years of a child born of apparently healthful, non-leprous father and mother. Careful surveillance of the islands and immediate isolation of the patients will hold this terrible disease in check, and time may root it out entirely.

Such has been the magnificent work of Hawaii's Board of Health.

But not all the vigilance of the government has been able to abolish *Kahuna* practice, although it has been materially and generally abated, and especially in Honolulu, which is equal to saying Oahu, for Honolulu is Oahu.

The *Kahuna* is the prototype of the white man's faith-cure doctor, only the Hawaiian has less intelligence to oppose him, and is therefore the more successful of the two quacks. Moreover, his talents are more various and more entertaining. Sometimes he is a soothsayer, and not infrequently a minstrel, and always he is more fanciful, which is in keeping with the claptrap of his profession. His medical theory is simple, and has the very excellent and unique quality of inexpense—to the patient. Most of the prescriptions are administered vicariously—to the ailing man's relatives—and as the nostrums consist very considerably of roasted pig and that favorite native intoxicant *awa*, the popularity of the *Kahuna* may be surmised. The relatives, being feasted, set up a musical chant, while the fakir doses the patient with broth of herbs or leaves, or hangs a talisman about his neck, or perhaps does all these—if the pig has been particularly toothsome. In the old days the *Kahuna* was the priest of the land, a hereditary and greatly revered class, who not infrequently aided the people against the oppression of their chiefs. His outward and visible sign is—or rather was, because now he is an outlaw—a scarlet handkerchief worn about the neck, and the day was not long ago when the sight of him on the road caused bowed heads and bended knee. Fear of the law now robs him of obeisance.

You may inquire for *Kahunas*, as I did, at many native houses on the several islands of the Hawaiian group, and be told, as I was, that faith has departed, and the whereabouts of none is known; but let a member of that same family fall ill, and the *Kahuna* will be sent for first, and the doctor second—the native to receive the credit of a cure; the doctor the opprobrium of a death.

And that is another reason why the native is passing.

There are excellent qualities in the native, as the blood reveals upon its mixture with other and stronger races, but unadulterated he is not equal to filling an active place in the progress overtaking his land. The Hawaiians are a polite, easy-going people, children really, with an inordinate fondness for flattery, and other sweets more material, indolent, cheerful, generous, and honest. They love flowers, music, and singing—surely what sweeter, purer things could they love?—and their native songs are full of melody and sentiment. In play they are delightful; in living, Arcadian; in work they labor under the disadvantage that comes to all children of nature. You pity their improvidence, and perhaps their irresponsibility may irritate, but the gentle affectionate nature of these soft-voiced people must appeal to your heart.

Improvidence and indolence are by no means traits of modern development. 'Twas always so. I have before me the report of a board appointed in 1843 to seek the best means of "abolishing indolence and indifference and introducing habits of general industry, continuously pursued." In those days the common laborer was paid from twelve to twenty-five cents a day; the carpenter, from twenty-five to seventy-five cents; the farm hand, from four to five dollars a month. To-day the common laborer earns from seventy-five cents to one dollar a day, the carpenter from two to three and one-half dollars, the farm hand from twenty to thirty dollars a month, and the house-servant from four to five dollars a week—though the natives are not inclined to domestic service, and, indeed, even in the most humble circumstances, are employers instead. Apparently no native home is too lowly to have its own servant.

And the cost of their living has of necessity advanced very little; but their habits have. In the old days they used to grow and catch their food; now the Chinese cultivate the *taro* and make the *poi*, and catch most of the fish to sell to the native, who works for wages when he must, and plays when he may.

And so, with the flower *leis* about his hat, and the laughter of contentment in his eye, the native Hawaiian is passing—blending with the stronger race for the making of a composite type—unique, attractive, alert—more fitted to combat with nineteenth-century civilization and life.

Meanwhile, during the evolution, he is better paid, better housed and clothed, is freer, and has more voice in the government of his country and of himself.

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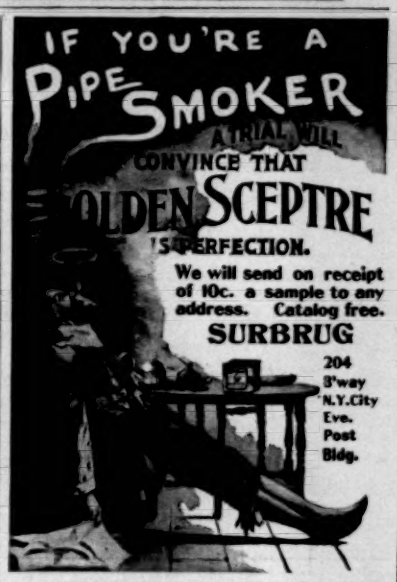

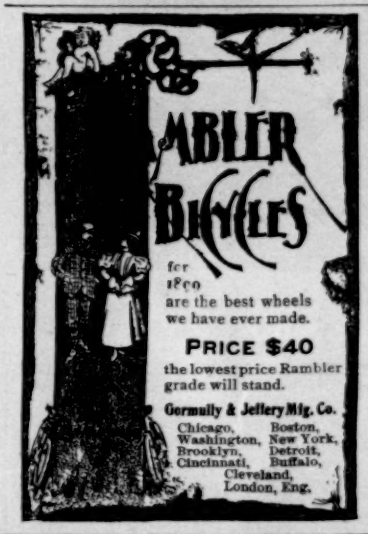
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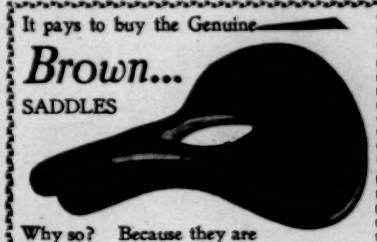
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